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AFRICA.

IT is perhaps natural that the first comments made upon the successive despatches which have been received from Mr. STANLEY should have busied themselves chiefly with the safety, or the near approach to safety, of that explorer and of the heroic German whom he went to rescue or to discover, and who is said to accompany him. We certainly do not want Mr. STANLEY killed, and still less do we want the blood of EMIN Pasha to deepen the still undeleted, and we fear indelible, stain which rests on Mr. GLADSTONE, in the first place, and then on all England for permitting Mr. GLADSTONE to incur it. Even now, after the news of the massacre of Dr. PETERS and his fellows, there is some fear that the refugees from Wadelai may not "win through." With regard to Dr. PETERS himself, we bestow on his memory all the regret due to a man of undoubted learning, energy, patriotism, and courage—four most excellent things—but we are rather unwilling to lend a fresh whisk to the lather of soft soap with which some other English writers have bedaubed it. To speak the plain truth, Dr. PETERS was a well-meaning, but very mischievous, person. No one represented more than he did the blundering belief in Corporal SCHLAG as the sole agent in dealing with "natives" which has brought such difficulties on Germany; no one made such persistent efforts to embroil his country with England; no one disregarded with such audacious indifference the sufficiently generous allotment of "spheres of influence" to his own side. He had no business to be where he was when he died; the inconveniences of his decease will chiefly fall on the guiltless head of the British East African Company, and we may be sure that the first thing which Prince BISMARCK himself said, on hearing of the Doctor's end, was, in some form or other, "Que diable allait-il faire!" So far, STANLEY and EMIN have escaped, it would seem, a like fate. But, if it be well that Mr. STANLEY and EMIN should have escaped, this is about all that is well about the news. It tells, with some gaps and discrepancies (for, though we are told that EMIN and JEPHSON were prisoners, we are not told how they escaped), of the breaking down of the last stand made against Mahdist barbarism, of the crumbling up of the last remnant of that remarkable structure of at least semi-civilized dominion which the ambition of ISMAIL Pasha, and the devotion of Sir SAMUEL BAKER, of GORDON, of EMIN himself, and of other men, built up, and which the irresolution and faintheartedness of English statesmen have allowed to be overthrown. From the border where our troops are playing the Roman legionary far down the Nile to the farthest Equatorial lakes everything is at the mercy of the Dervishes; anarchy once more rules; the Devil has once more broken loose. This is a sufficiently unsatisfactory state of things as it is, and unluckily it is impossible not to suspect that the measures taken to "relieve" EMIN only made it worse. It is at least possible, though the meagreness of the reports makes it difficult certainly to assert it, that EMIN's being called away from his threatened northern borders to meet STANLEY far to the south had something to do with the revolt of his, up to that time, faithful troops. And it seems quite certain that Mr. STANLEY's ill-advised selection of the Congo route, with its consequences, so weakened his expedition that he could give little effectual aid to the Pasha. As it is, the net result of the expedition, even setting aside the death of Major BARTHELOT, of that most gallant and cheery of men Mr. JAMESON, and of others, amounts to this, that the Equatorial province has been handed over to the Mahdists, and the Upper Congo has been handed over to TRIPPOO TIB—a result in which it must be a very sanguine man who can find anything cheering. It is possible, of course, that this closing

in once more of darkness over the whole region round the heads of the two great rivers may be only a darkness before a better dawn. Germany and England may divide between them the task of introducing something like tolerable conditions of life, instead of savagery tempered by slave-trading—the former in the district west of her Zanzibar "sphere" and reaching the Congo State territory, the latter in the region round the now multiplying Nyanzas, and thence Nilewards. So have we seen the youthful mind, cast down for a moment at the collapse of a card castle or a brick tower, comforted by levelling such few cards or bricks as remain so as to "start fresh."

We must, however, wait for more extended news of this almost wholly luckless expedition before finally pronouncing upon it. There are other matters more or less closely connected with it which invite some comment. There is a good deal of assertion and contradiction as to the exchanges of opinion between the English and the German Foreign Offices as to the coast and islands beyond Vitu. It may be hoped that there will be no relaxation of firmness on the part of our own representatives in this matter. In the original division of "spheres of influence" England certainly did not err on the side of stinginess in assigning to Germany a portion to which some persons, usually very fertile in resource, have sometimes been puzzled to know how Germany came to have any claim whatever. But her claim was made, was acknowledged, and, as we have always argued here, must be held sacred. There is, however, no reason whatever why that claim should be further extended, and certainly no extension of it on the northern coast ought for a moment to be admitted. Equal firmness ought to be shown, and there is good hope that it is being shown, in reference to the other end of the East African coastline, which is not actually British territory—in reference, that is to say, to the navigation of the Zambesi and the highlands of the Shire. According to accounts which have been published, Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON's mission as Consul to Mozambique has already borne good fruit in the exploration of the mouths of the great river. We wish that more uncertainty did not rest on the not far distant Swaziland question. Since we wrote on that question, the Colonial Office has, indeed, given a denial to the rumour that Sir FRANCIS DE WINTON's mission covers an already-arranged surrender to the Boers. But there are very ominous signs that the Cape Ministry (who are too frequently to be found treating the Afrikaner party as American politicians treat the Irish) wish to curry favour with the Transvaal and the partisans of the Transvaal by surrendering a district which concerns themselves less than it concerns Natal, and which, if given up, would be a sop to their Dutch supporters. We can only say that, if the abandonment is carried out, the present Government will have taken on its shoulders no small share of the curse due for that abandonment of the Transvaal, which, in some people's opinion, was a greater political, though a less moral, crime than the abandonment of GORDON itself.

A pleasanter subject is the creation of British "Zam-besia," which formally took place by charter last week, of which the Cape authorities, hoping thence to suck advantage, have been graciously pleased to approve, and from meddling with which it is to be very sincerely hoped that their hands will be kept till a better political theory prevails at Capetown. This charter, though at present the territories with which it deals be a little *in nubibus*, is a very pleasant document to read; and one cannot help wishing that the fashion of it had come in a few years sooner, in which case several valuable districts of the earth which are now under the influence of foreign nations would have been reserved by and for ourselves. It is a thoughtful document, taking within its purview possible harbours which might be useful

to the QUEEN's ships, though the sea-coast of at least most of the Company's "sphere" is much as that of Bohemia, exempting the Company from mortmain restrictions in regard to five acres of land in England, reserving public rights, minutely particularizing private rights, and in other ways taking time by the forelock. And it is well known that all this is not merely "paper" (as TIPPOO TIB said of the neighbouring association on the Congo), that the Company is based upon a real and solid foundation of trade and influence already laid, and to some extent already built upon. Some doubt has been expressed—not merely by those who naturally hate anything which seems likely to extend the greatness of England, but by others—as to the reversion to the system of chartered Companies, with quasi-political rights, which has been so recently exemplified in the cases of the Niger Company, the Borneo Company, the East African Company, and now the South African. The dubiety seems unnecessary. The practice is a good old one, to begin with, though it had a little fallen into desuetude; and the haphazard colonization which succeeded it has certainly shown no great improvement. But, in fact, the real justification is that modern politics, at least in England, make it sometimes difficult for the State itself to annex openly, and that the recent awakening of European nations to the fact that they need swarming-grounds threatens a somewhat rapid exhaustion of the swarming-grounds available. The world is just now being "claimed" with remarkable rapidity; and, though long heads and strong hands will undoubtedly in the long run profit by the claims of incompetent and hasty speculators, it hardly does to trust to this only. The chartered Company is a most convenient warming-pan for the State, as well as a useful method of regimenting and directing private enterprise, and we do not care how many examples we see of it. Only let the promoters of such Companies remember certain dismal examples which, to avoid ill omens, shall be nameless, and they can hardly fail to do well.

THE PLEASURES OF BALDNESS.

"THAT bald CÆSAR the famed Roman wight" is known to have disliked being bald. Hence, his detractors declared, his love of the laurels of victory. Certainly it were a seemly thing if our elderly generals could dine out and go to the play in such laurels as they may happen to have won; for baldness, though indispensable to a young doctor or solicitor, and highly desirable in a statesman, is not coveted by the sons of MARS. A young physician, in a letter to one of the papers, very touchingly bewails the slimness of his purse and the thickness of his ambrosial locks. The "high and domelike forehead" which is admired in the busts and effigies of SHAKESPEARE seems to this youth a feature indispensable in his profession. Yet he, of all men, should have the remedy at hand, and be skilled in the depilatory art. He has only to purchase or mix the antidote to those prescriptions for lengthening and thickening the tresses which are advertised in the beautiful decorations of our hoardings. It has been subtly remarked that many wise and wealthy persons remain bald, and hence it has been inferred that the inventions of MRS. ALLEN and others are not invariably sovran. But, perhaps, the wealthy and the wise are intelligent enough to keep the advantages which nature or the wearing of ill-ventilated hats has given them. They know when they are well off, like the poet and orator, C. LICINIUS CALVUS, who, after the manner of the Living Skeleton, was probably "proud of the title." The young doctor values a head early denuded at about 500*l.* a year, and, really, if he is acquainted with his business, he ought soon to possess that "shining place," where, as the elderly riddle quaintly remarks, "there is no parting." He thinks that a flowing beard has also its market value, yet he does not seem to have remarked that the owners of flowing beards are usually very bald men. It is as if nature could not support the growth of so much hair in two places at once. By leaving the chin unshorn the head may be brought, as it seems, into the desired condition. "Even the lower animals," he maintains, have an admiring affection for the ornament which he desires, and he illustrates this by the waggishness of an ostrich. The benighted bird attempted to hatch the head of a sleeping Englishman—in South Africa, we presume. This was flattering, but embarrassing on the whole, for the ostrich is a bird with a strong sense of its personal dignity. "Hell has no fury like" an ostrich

duped, in its maternal instincts especially, nor can one seriously believe that the Englishman was the happier for the fowl's misplaced affection. If the young physician is right, we may perhaps expect to see depilatories as popularly recommended as the contrary kind of nostrum. But, while a dozen advertisers offer to make the fat thin, nobody has yet discovered a way of making the thin fat. Baldness, according to the doctor, is the result of fatty degeneration, and persons naturally lean cannot, by taking thought, degenerate in this desirable direction. Sitting up late in an atmosphere of gas may do a good deal, and the tall hat of modern life is also valuable to persons who covet an appearance of precocious wisdom. Every kind of dissipation is also recommended; but this prescription has obvious disadvantages, and is even uncertain. It is not recorded that MR. BOB SAWYER and MR. BENJAMIN ALLEN rose in their profession by baldness; yet no young men ever did more to deserve this gift. To be early grey seems rather the privilege of poets than of physicians, if we may judge by the cases of SHELLEY and RONSARD. There is reason to believe that BYRON would have been bald had he lived a little longer, and it is a matter of curious speculation whether his success would not have waned with his curls and when his days were really in the yellow leaf. On the other hand, he was just the man to wear a wig. The poet, in the following stanza, celebrates a sage who, perhaps alone among mankind, agreed with the young doctor:—

There was an old person of Bristol
Who had a bald head and a pistol;
He shot all the Aldermen
Because they were balder men—
And then blew out his brains with the pistol.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES.

THREE new things are discussed in the first three articles of the November *Nineteenth Century*. New these things are called, at any rate; but, however much they may be desired by MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, who sings of the New Trades-Unionism; by the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who is all for a New Toryism which shall lead Labour against Capital; by MR. CRACKANTHORPE, who more reasonably hopes for a New Party in which Liberals and Conservatives shall combine their more popular principles, they are but ideas and aspirations yet. They lack the substantiality of next year's new potatoes, and are far less likely to come to growth.

In explaining "Tory Democracy" the Duke's paper just misses perfection. If he had opened the door to his own meaning a little wider, out it would have come, with every rag of deception or self-deception stripped from it. Even as it is, however, there is no misunderstanding the Blenheim invention, as expounded by the head of the House. Let us see what the Duke says about it. We start from the assertion that the Radicalism of the Liberal party has never been anything else than a selfish imposture. It is all *bourgeois*; in nothing really democratic. The Radical-Liberal party is the capitalists', manufacturers', shopkeepers' party. Toryism has its main support from landowners and real estate. It was easy for the Radical-Liberal party to make itself popular by denouncing the privileges and profits of landowners, *bourgeois* Radicalism having no great stake in land. It was easy for them to make capital out of Free-trade; for cheap bread meant large profits to manufacturers first of all. It was easy for them to do away with indirect taxation: income-tax was far less a burden to wealthy manufacturers and financiers than it would be to landowners. It was easy, again, to place a variety of general charges on land, and to do "justice to Ireland" where no one was affected but landowners and ecclesiastical corporations. In short, the reforms of Liberal legislation have in nearly every case been effected at the expense of the other party, which has been held up to public odium at the same time. There is a great deal of truth in this statement, no doubt; and it was never more true than to-day, when the attack on "land" is preached as a kind of moral duty. But now let us see what more the Duke of MARLBOROUGH has to say. Proposing to turn the tables, he makes the following remarks. While year after year Liberal reformers centre their endeavours on placing the landed interests in the pillory of popular opinion, "the very party that was occupied in this pastime was growing fat in trade, in speculation, in banking, in industry, earned by the labour of the very

"classes whose animosity it was stimulating against land-owners." The creation of all this wealth "seems somehow to have been overlooked." The masses have not sufficiently observed that an impoverished aristocracy of land has been superseded by an enormously rich aristocracy of trade; and that this bloated caste holds to a party which "blinds the electorate by directing their attention to the privileges and fortunes possessed by owners of land, while it conceals from the people the enormous and increasing advantages which capital is reaping out of labour."

This being the case, what is the obvious game of the Tories? It amazes the Duke of MARLBOROUGH that "they have never thought of carrying the war into the enemy's country." It astonishes him that they have never been cute enough to call popular attention to the masses of wealth in the hands of the trading fraternity (mostly Liberal), "while the working classes are being ground down by long hours of labour, and competition in wages, to the lowest possible limit." However, it is not too late. It can be made perfectly clear that Radical manufacturers and traders, with their vast wealth, "have no more thought for the condition of the wage-earners who produce it than a Southern planter had for the religious welfare of his gang of slaves"; and "the principle that underlies the programme of Tory Democracy" is recognition of this circumstance, together with the facts before recited. "It is easy to say that Tory Democracy is 'nothing but a system of State Socialism put into practice for the benefit of a party in Parliament'; but never mind that. If it 'comes to a question of establishing an odium against property and wealth,' the Conservative party ought to see how easy it is to carry the war into the enemy's country, and act accordingly. The operation is simple, but very fascinating. Up with the working-man, and down with the employer in his luxurious villa." "What is the difference between this man, who trades in the labour-market on competition, and the man who bought a slave in the Charleston market and took him home to work on his plantation on a food-and-lodging subsistence?" That is the way to talk to the people if we wish to cope with the bourgeois Radicals, who are now weakly allowed to overpower us in the constituencies time after time. As for the rest, free education, one free meal a day in the Board Schools, restraint upon free competition in the labour market, and so on, don't you know. Whosoever agrees with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH is a New Tory! Not a firebrand, not a Radical, not a Socialist, not a Radical-Socialist, nor even a Positivist philosopher, but a New Tory!

In turning to the New Trades-Unionism, as described by Mr. HARRISON, his Grace of Blenheim must be struck with the loss of a splendid opportunity. Mr. HARRISON has no doubt that the New Trades-Unionism is an established thing. It is not coming—it has already come into existence. Of course it has yet to take on its full proportions. But grow it will, overshadowing all the land; in which case there is an end of the employer in his luxurious villa, an end of competition in the labour market, and all without the least credit to a converted Conservative party. The old Unionism and Socialism have been fused to create the New Unionism by one man, but that man is neither Lord SALISBURY nor Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This must be as wormwood in the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S cup. But what is the New Trades-Unionism? Mr. HARRISON says that it "may either be described as Socialism 'putting on the accoutrements of a Trades-Union, or as 'Unionism suddenly inspired with the passions and aspirations of the Socialists.'" We agree with him. But is he right in thinking that the New Trades-Unionism is sure to take possession of the whole working population? Is he wise in rejoicing at the prospect with such complacent, such exceeding joy? And though it is true that public opinion was in favour of the strike which is supposed to have originated the new Unionism, though it is equally true that a kindly feeling called Socialistic pervades all classes of society to a degree heretofore unknown, why should he believe that his New Trades-Unionism will come to full growth amidst general delight? Mr. HARRISON'S satisfaction on these points seems to be complete; but surely he runs to doubtful conclusions in too much haste. The sympathy with the dock labourers was truly remarkable; but Mr. HARRISON should remember that it was stimulated by horrible stories of East-End misery repeated over and over again for years before; and, moreover, that the strike was against corporations reported to be

enormously rich. Was not that the secret of a sympathy which other strikes of the same year failed altogether to evoke? And does it not account in great measure for the alacrity with which one or two bodies of working-men employed on the Thames threw down their tools to assist the strike? It seems to us that it does. There was no such general sympathy when the Bristol dockers turned out, and no stir of public enthusiasm on behalf of the fifty other strikes that have occurred since. Mr. HARRISON may find himself mistaken, then, in believing that the New Trades-Unionism will rush to complete growth in a continuous blaze of public sympathy. It is all the less likely to do so because it is about to be understood. What its author means the New Trades-Unionism to be, and to do, is already declared. His scheme is out; his plans are known; and what they come to we described from his own mouth a fortnight ago. Every trade and every distinct body of unskilled labourers in the kingdom is to have its Union, and not more than one. Then the Unions are to put themselves in federation. From the committee of each a delegate is to be sent to a Central Council, representing "the solidarity of labour," and wielding the whole of its machinery in the mass. Briefly to describe the functions of the Federal Council, it is to inquire into grievances, to discover oppression, and, if not contented with the rate of wages or the hours of work in this trade or that at any time, it is to bring the whole brotherhood of labour to a dead stand rather than shrink from insisting on redress. That is the New Trades-Unionism which Mr. BURNS is supposed to have created by the fusion of Unionism and Socialism, and which Mr. HARRISON rejoices in as a divine work of unquestionable accomplishment. But a man may be as sane as Mr. HARRISON and yet see in a Trades-Unionism so compacted and administered the promise of a monstrous tyranny—monstrous, ruinous, and absurd. CHRISTOPHER SLY might have invented such a scheme for the governance of his lordship. But we need not labour to show its defects, for the New Trades-Unionism, like the Duke of MARLBOROUGH'S New Toryism, is so new that it has no existence as yet. Possibly Mr. HARRISON'S hopes may be fulfilled in course of time, but we have yet to see the beginnings of a federation which the good sense of the artisan population may decline to have anything to do with; while as for Mr. HARRISON'S obvious belief that the whole community is in love with a Trades-Union Dictatorship that would practically regulate every detail of our lives, he may rely upon it that he is very much in error.

But, since a New Toryism is preached which, when reduced to plain terms, means incitement of the masses to more class hatred and more class robbery; and since there really is a possibility of the New Trades-Unionism flourishing under the patronage of the New Toryism on the one hand and the New Radicalism on the other, Mr. CRACKANTHORPE'S New National Party is indeed a most desirable thing, if its business would be to knock those other novelties on the head. But then, as we understand Mr. CRACKANTHORPE, this new party is to be a union of the Conservative forces of the country with the Conservatism squeezed out; and that is a sort of fusion to which the Tories would object, we fear.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN EGYPT.

THAT the PRINCE OF WALES'S visit to Egypt should have annoyed the French is a matter of course; and that it should be argued, on the other hand, that it is a thing of no significance at all is hardly less a matter of course. On the former head it is not necessary to say much. That even the *condominium* enormously exaggerated any real claim that the French had to influence in Egypt is a proposition which we conceive to rest on the amplest historical proof. That, even if it did not, the French had their chance, once for all, when they were invited to join in the putting down of ARABI'S pronunciamiento, and forfeited it, once for all, when they refused, we conceive to be a fact patent to all eyes which do not choose to be blind. As for the significance of the PRINCE'S visit, it is needless to repeat that even an English sovereign has not, theoretically speaking, a very great voice in shaping the policy of the country. It should be equally needless to remark that both a PRINCE who, in the particular circumstances, designed to visit, and Ministers who, in the particular circumstances, consented to his visiting, a country which is situated as Egypt is situated towards

England would be guilty of inconceivable blindness if they did not see, or of inconceivable levity if they did not intend to face, the consequences, or at least the constructions, sure to follow.

It is of more importance to reflect, as we may reflect with some not unchequered satisfaction, on those results of seven years' English rule which the PRINCE came to see. There is, indeed, a dark patch across the otherwise sunny field of view, and those who do not consider the old conceptions of NEMESIS either irrational or even pagan may observe a dramatic propriety as well as a useful warning in the coincidence of the news of the collapse of the last remnant of the Equatorial empire of Egypt with the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to the Egyptian capital. The shadow of defeat fell heavily on Tuesday over the City of Victory. Our own opinion as to the conduct which led to this—conduct as to which no English Ministry since 1882 can be wholly exempted from blame—has been frequently given, and remains unchanged. Yet had Sir EVELYN BARING and his colleagues not a few sheaves to bring with them to show their PRINCE. There is solid occasion for satisfaction, if not for positive boasting, in the change which has come over every department of Egyptian government and life since English influence became practically supreme. No doubt some mistakes have been made; no doubt some efforts have been as yet unsuccessful; least of all is there doubt that the anomalous and intolerable privileges of European nations have been and are a constant stumbling-block. Yet the English agents in Egypt have a record to show for these seven years which is, perhaps, the most emphatic evidence recently supplied that England has not lost the art *regere imperio populos*, and that in no tyrannical way, and solely for the peoples' good. The finances have been brought from a most unhealthy condition into one which might be called positively healthy if certain foreign influences were not, as they are, exerted to prevent complete convalescence. The state of trade, of commerce, of agriculture is flourishing, instead of being far on the road to ruin. The condition of the people has been marvellously improved, and yields to that of no Oriental and few European peoples. The administration of international justice has become a just administration, except as far as the foreign privileges are concerned, and that of municipal justice is slowly becoming so. The Civil Service—in marked distinction to the time when French influence prevailed in it—has become less and less of a bureaucracy, whose first object was its own comfort and profit. Above all, long, and at one time not too hopeful looking, efforts have made something like a real Egyptian army, with soldiers who can fight, who can be depended upon, and whose service is not looked on in the country as one of the worst lots out of a choice of lots, all miserable. Even the "masterful hand of an Indian Resident," for which Lord DUFFERIN sighed at the beginning of the occupation, could hardly have done more than this; and, though we still hold that the result has not been attained without sacrificing something of duty and much of honour in the outlying provinces, yet, as a result in Egypt itself, it is wholly satisfactory, is a great credit and triumph to those directly concerned in bringing it about, and is a feather in England's cap such as no nation in Europe for many years has earned the right to wear.

WHAT IS A CLUB?

THE old proverb, more forcible than seemly, about the bodiless and soulless state of corporations, is well known. But an institution which can neither be damned nor kicked may yet, it seems, be libelled. And this is, after all, common sense. For certainly it is easier to share a character or reputation among many than to disintegrate or disperse those parts and attributes which are respectively liable to the physical and spiritual penalties already described. A club might perhaps be defined as a congregation of convivial men in which pure food and drink are administered at reasonable prices. But there are many people in clubs who cannot be called clubbable, and some clubs are established for the purpose of gambling. The *Daily Telegraph*, which never forgets the Queen of SHEBA, has discussed the origin of the Kitcat and the Beefsteak, because the Kingsbridge and South Hams Constitutional Club conceives itself to have been defamed in the *Kingsbridge Journal*. The case has not yet been tried, so that one must not assume the charges to be either true or false, save in so far as even clubs are entitled to the presumption of innocence. The real question which the Divisional Court

has, on demurrer, determined is, that the members or the committee of a club may be entitled to damages if the club is generally libelled. It may be said that this adds a new danger to journalism, and even to familiar correspondence. Suppose a gentleman has the misfortune to be black-balled, and remarks in a note to a friend that he is thankful to have been saved from the odium of associating with a set of contemptible snobs. Who would grudge a rejected candidate this harmless form of consolation? Who can reflect, without a shudder, that the poor man might thus render himself liable to a thousand, or fifteen hundred, actions at law?

The particular action of *HOLDSWORTH and others v. BLACKLER* is rather complicated. It is not brought against the newspaper in which the alleged libel appeared, but against the writer of a letter, signed "Onlooker," which contained the imputations. Mr. BLACKLER, who acknowledges himself to be "Onlooker," is a member of the Club; and, if he has libelled the whole Club, he is obviously one of his own victims. At present, however, only the Committee have sued him, and they have sued him in a lump. Mr. BLACKLER may be a kind of Devonshire McDougall who thinks that people should visit clubs to learn German and drink water. But some of the charges which he makes are explicit enough; and, if they are true, it was right that they should be published. For, according to Mr. BLACKLER, who may or may not be a lay PRICE HUGHES, the Club, not content with cards, billiards, and such profane pastimes, provides "other amusements and allurements to keep young men and married men from their homes until midnight and past." This passage carries with it a tolerably clear innuendo, and we are not surprised that it should have created some excitement among the inhabitants of Kingsbridge. Yet there are arguments and phrases in "Onlooker's" esteemed communication which suggest to the expert in such matters a good deal more than the words convey. Thus it is a "mystery" to him that "the teetotallers are not down on this plague spot." He also hints that, "if it was a club located in one of the small tenements in Dodbrooke, and used by labourers and men who average [*sic*] about twelve shillings a week," it would have been crushed under the hoof of virtue long ago. After the adventures of Mr. PRICE HUGHES with the Aquarium, perhaps our social reformers may be a little more modest, or at least a little more reticent. If not, the decision of the Queen's Bench is likely to prove timely and opportune. Lord HOUGHTON used to say that all pleasant things were unwholesome, or expensive, or wrong, and that most of them were all three. In these sad circumstances one might be allowed to seek consolation at one's club without being attacked in the local press.

CRETE.

IT is high time that some prominent speaker on the Ministerial side should take in hand the dealings of a certain section of Gladstonians with the subject of Crete, and that not merely, as Mr. GOSCHEN very well did the other day, from the Home Rule point of view. There is a general impression, which, like other general impressions, strengthens itself by meeting with no challenge, that audiences "will not stand foreign politics." To this it can only be answered that Mr. GLADSTONE and his tail had a very different experience thirteen years ago, and that it is the reluctance of speakers to acquire and impart the necessary knowledge, much more than the reluctance of audiences to receive it, which must be blamed. On no subject—not even on Ireland—has the extraordinary tendency to perversion of fact which the Gladstonian party has caught from its leader reached such a pitch as on this. It has been repeatedly pointed out that the very terms of the accusations brought against the Turks of perpetrating "atrocities" in Crete refute themselves, and convict those who have garbled and embroidered them. Every rational person has always been prepared to hear that after a time of civil disturbance, which now and then assumed the full character of an armed insurrection, and when this disturbance had been quelled by the introduction of a large number of foreign and not perfectly disciplined troops, differing in religion from some at least of the natives, a good deal of rough treatment has been experienced by the guiltless as well as the guilty inhabitants. Such things will happen even in far more civilized countries, and the utmost that can be demanded is that they shall be checked as much as possible, and the commission of them,

where possible, punished. But between this state of things and one of "atrocities" or of anything at all deserving the tirades of Gladstonian newspapers and the jeremiads of Gladstonian Little Bethels there is the widest possible gulf. It has again and again been pointed out that no evidence of any "atrocities" worthy the name has been given, and that, for the most part, no evidence at all one way or the other was forthcoming.

At last evidence, indubitably trustworthy and tolerably voluminous, is forthcoming, and the reception of it by Gladstonians deserves public attention. It would be impossible to imagine a more careful or a more impartial report than that of Mr. ALFRED BILIOTTI, the English Consul at Canea. Mr. BILIOTTI seems to have taken the utmost pains to obtain information, and has communicated it with perfect freedom. He confirms, as he might have been expected to confirm, the reports of rough treatment of prisoners, of looting and rummaging for money, even of "shoot-ing at sight" here and there. But of real "atrocities," of the outraging of women, of massacres like that of Batak or of Maamtrasna, of torture, or of anything of that kind, he can find not a trace. The very priests in the villages where such acts were said to have been committed had never heard of them, and the husband of an alleged victim was about to take the step—highly practical, but by no means suggestive of a reign of terror—of bringing an action for slander. JANNI This had to carry a heavy stone on his shoulders, and was beaten, or perhaps was not; ZACHARIA That was asked for wine by gendarmes, and thrashed because he did not give it. And so forth. For telling which truths Mr. BILIOTTI is abused for his name by the party of Mr. SCHNADHORST and Mr. JACOBY; pieces of his report are twisted and garbled into such a form as may deceive those who will not be at the trouble to read the original, and a narrative which shows the utter baselessness of the charges and accusations which have been brought is declared "not to impugn" those charges, and to "confirm in substance" those accusations. This kind of political argument seems to go a little beyond a joke. One expects it from the obscure *colporteurs* of falsehood who drive the Home Rule lie-carts from one village green to another; but that respectable newspapers should countenance or adopt it is not a cheering sign of that progress which makes Mr. GLADSTONE so happy. But, as ever, there is no way of meeting a lie save by patient repetition of the truth. What Mr. BILIOTTI's quite exceptionally candid report comes to is simply this:—The disturbances in Crete have brought rough handling of various kinds on the Cretans; some lives may have been improperly taken by the soldiers, and some property has, no doubt, been destroyed or looted. But there has been no massacre, large or small; there has been only a very small loss of life, and, above all, not a single case of serious outrage on women has yet been substantiated, or brought within measurable distance of substantiation.

PARLIAMENTARY TIMES AND SEASONS.

WE have, if we may borrow a celebrated beginning, a kindness for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. It is sometimes our duty to speak rather roughly of him; but it goes against the grain. We would much rather be the bland doctor who exhibits the cakes than the flogging ORBILIUS who administers the cane. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has got into bad company; but he is not himself bad. An overweening ambition has led him to become a candidate for the leadership in reversion of the Liberal party, left vacant by the honourable retirement of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but we do not doubt that at times he is tormented by reflections such as those which disturbed the last moments of SHAKESPEARE'S ENOBARBUS. He is of porcelain, and to see the fragile and delicate vase floating down the stream, jostled by the iron and brazen pots which surround him, is a pathetic spectacle. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was not constructed to withstand the collisions which await him, and he is already somewhat flawed and soiled by the shocks which he has undergone. What is fine within him is in danger of growing coarse, to sympathize with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. LABOUCHERE. He is some years older than MACAULAY was when he renounced politics for literature. If Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN could make up his mind that he would be better employed in completing the tale of CHARLES JAMES FOX'S career, which he has left more than half untold, than in abetting the designs of Dr. TANNER and Mr. BIGGAR,

English literature might be endowed with a creditable biography. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, has, however, chosen his course, and it may not be possible for him to make backward tracks. He cannot be expected to apostatize twice.

It is satisfactory to find that, for the moment, he is harmlessly, and perhaps usefully, engaged. Instead of reconstructing the British Empire, he set himself the humbler task of rearranging the Parliamentary Session. It has occurred to him that it would be a good thing if the House of Commons rose in the beginning of July instead of at some undefined period between August and September, now usually nearer to September than to August. The British legislator has as completely forgotten what rural England is like in the summer as FALSTAFF had forgotten the interior construction of a church. The humble convalescents and the gutter children whom benevolence sends for a week into the country are in this respect more fortunate than peers and members of Parliament. As a means to the great end of getting out of London in July, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN proposes, as we understand him, that Parliament should meet every year in November. The only objection we can see to this practice, from the Liberal point of view, is that it is a reversion to the unwisdom of our ancestors. The usage prevailed under the wicked Administration of Lord NORTH; and a return to it was suggested, with a sinister purpose more easily suspected than defined, by a still greater offender against sound political doctrines and practices. One of the recommendations of a Select Committee in 1871 was "that it is desirable that Parliament should assemble at a period of the year not later than the last week of November." A reference to the proceedings of the Committee shows that this Resolution was proposed and carried by a majority of one, on the motion of Mr. DISRAELI. The omnipresent reporter had not then, and has not yet, penetrated into the deliberations of Select Committees, and the arguments by which Mr. DISRAELI enforced his proposal are not on record. Tradition whispers, however, that, in reply to the objection that certain members would be unable to attend in November, Mr. DISRAELI deferentially suggested that the House of Commons might be able to get on without them. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON moved, as an amendment to Mr. DISRAELI'S proposition, that Parliament should meet on the earliest convenient day after the 14th of January; but he was defeated by precisely the majority which afterwards carried Mr. DISRAELI'S Resolution.

A formal objection to these Resolutions is that it is the prerogative of the Crown to fix the time at which Parliament shall meet for the despatch of business and that at which it shall be prorogued. The prerogative of the Crown, however, in this matter means the advice of Ministers, interpreting the sense of Parliament, and guided by regard to public convenience. November, it must be admitted, is not an agreeable month in London; but neither is it an agreeable month in any part of the United Kingdom. Peers and members of Parliament are not, of course, confined to the United Kingdom. They are not subject to any writ *ne exeat regno*; and Italy, Algiers, and Egypt are open to them. Ministers might have difficulty in getting back their majority in full force, and the surprises which are common at the end of the Session in August and September might mark its beginning in November. It may further be doubted whether any mere redistribution of the Session over the months of the year would lead to its better employment. It is as easy to do nothing in November as in February, and the more time a thriftless and loquacious Assembly has, the more it is capable of wasting. A Session beginning in November might find itself languishing towards its decline in August or September, just as if it had begun in February.

On the whole, except that it was the usage under the blackguard PITT, we are inclined to think that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON'S suggestion that Parliament should meet about the middle of January, supplemented by other arrangements which we will proceed to state, would be the best way of rearranging the Session. Though the prorogation of Parliament is one of the prerogatives of the Crown, each of the two Houses can at any time adjourn at its own discretion. If the business of the Session were finished by the beginning of July, a prorogation in the ordinary way would follow. If the work were unfinished, the two Houses might be adjourned to November to complete it. The possibility of having to meet again then would contribute effectually to the prompt despatch of business. Long adjournments, though not common, have been sufficiently frequent to

establish a precedent, if an example in the past is necessary before the convenience of the present can be considered. Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY gives several instances of them, among the more notable being the adjournment of the House of Commons for nearly three months, in 1785, in order to give the Irish Parliament time to consider the Commercial Propositions, and the still longer adjournment of 1820, while the Pains and Penalties, or, as its illustrious subject used to call it, the Pains and Spinalties, Bill was making its way through the House of Lords. More recent instances are Mr. GLADSTONE'S adjournment of the House of Commons in 1882, over more than two months, from August to October, in order that his Procedure Resolutions might be passed, and be in force from the commencement of the new Session in 1883; and the adjournment last year, from August to November, over nearly three months, to complete the Votes on Supply, a continuance of the Session of which advantage was wisely taken to renew Lord ASHBORNE'S Land Purchase Act.

The mutations of Parliamentary seasons will follow social changes and fashions. In the time of the STUARTS, as readers of CLARENDON may gather, Parliament met at half-past eight in the morning. After the Revolution the hour was put forward to half-past ten. As bankers and merchants and nabobs (the Bengal Squad) found their way into the House of Commons, the hours which had suited matutinal squires and fox-hunters were found to be inconvenient to men whose days were pledged to the City. Social usages were similarly affected. STEELE, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, complained that the dinner-hour, which in his memory had been twelve, had stolen on to three, and what it would end by being no one could tell. Towards the close of the eighteenth century HORACE WALPOLE held up his hands at the enormity of people dining at six and beginning the evening at ten. When the London season began in October and ended in May, the meeting and prorogation of Parliament hovered about those limits. Fashionable people saw only one thing to regret in the accession of that promising young prince, GEORGE III., and this was the fact that his birthday was on the 4th of June, and that the presence of the Court and Ministers in town might lead to the extension to that date of the Parliamentary Session. As it was in the middle of the eighteenth so it will be towards the end of the nineteenth century. Parliament will not only reflect public opinion, but follow social convenience and usage, which is not, we need scarcely say, the same thing as the usage and convenience alone of that limited portion of the world which calls itself Society.

ARMA VIRUMVE CANEMUS?

MOST people nourish a secret ill-will against people with names substantially the same as their own but differently spelt. Therefore it may well be that, when the case now known as GARDNER v. BYGRAVE first came before Mr. BUSHBY, at Worship Street Police Court, that excellent magistrate determined—consciously or otherwise—so to act as to show that a certain famous head-master of Westminster was no ancestor of his. Whether this speculation is founded in fact or not, Mr. BUSHBY convicted the defendant of assault, at the same time stating a case for the Superior Court in such a way as to raise in all its length and breadth the great question whether or no it is lawful for a schoolmaster to cane a boy on the hand. Mr. Justice MATHEW and Mr. Justice WILLS have decided that such punishment, if inflicted for good cause and with moderation, is lawful. The occasion is further remarkable because the Court made two jokes, one a conspicuous example of all that that greatly-abused phenomenon “judicial humour” ought not to be, the other a shining instance of how the tedium of legal proceedings may be profitably relieved, and the principles of law aptly illustrated, by a really ready and witty observation.

Mr. GARDNER was master of a Board school, and BYGRAVE was a pupil under his sway. BYGRAVE “committed a fault” which properly called for corporal punishment by” his preceptor, “who inflicted the same by giving” the offender “four strokes with the cane upon the hand.” Assuming that caning on the hand could be a proper punishment at all, Mr. BUSHBY held upon the evidence that the caning of BYGRAVE by GARDNER was a good and lawful caning; but he “was also of opinion that punishment by caning on the “hand, however inflicted, was necessarily attended by risk “of serious injury to the hand; that there were methods of

“corporal punishment quite as available, efficacious, and “not necessarily attended by any risk, of which methods, “if the appellant [GARDNER] had used due caution, one or “another would have been substituted by him for that “which he adopted; and that for these reasons caning on “the hand was, in the circumstances of the case, improper, “and ought not to have been inflicted.” So Mr. GARDNER was adjudged to be guilty of assault, subject to the case stated for the opinion of the High Court.

Mr. POLAND, not without harrowing references to his own personal history, contended that caning on the hand, soberly and for good cause, was a proper and lawful punishment. Mr. Justice WILLS—and here occurs one of the jokes to which allusion has been made—“hoped we were not “getting too effeminate in these days, or giving too much “encouragement to ill-behaved schoolboys who wanted to “strike.” Mr. ROBSON, who appeared in support of the conviction, was constrained to argue that the lawfulness of caning on the hand depended upon the position and occupation of the offending boy when he was out of school. There was no evidence to show that GARDNER, before caning the hand of BYGRAVE, instituted any inquiry into BYGRAVE'S employment or means of getting a living. It might be that when not in school he worked with his hand, and in that case any injury to it might do him grievous wrong. “Such “a punishment might seriously interfere with his occupation. Punishment might be inflicted elsewhere.” To this Mr. Justice MATHEW retorted with the question “What if his occupation were sedentary?” The Court ultimately held that, while it had not pleased the Legislature to specify those parts of the body which might and those which might not be selected for castigation, it was no part of the common law that blows on the hand with a cane were so dangerous as to make the act of inflicting them unlawful *per se*, and that as in the case before them the punishment had not been excessive, or actually injurious, but, on the contrary, had been cautiously and humanely administered, Mr. GARDNER had been guilty of no offence, and ought not to have been convicted. They, therefore, quashed the conviction, and gave Mr. GARDNER his costs. This decision will be a great relief to the minds of many persons engaged in the instruction of youth. It is all very well for Mr. BUSHBY to say that there are other “methods” of castigation; but, inasmuch as most schoolmasters nowadays have a well-founded objection to smacking their pupils on the head—which is really dangerous—it would puzzle many people to specify more than one. Caning on the hand is prompt, effective, and not unnecessarily contumelious. There is every reason to be satisfied with the decision that, when done properly and for a proper reason, it is not unlawful.

THE NEW POLITICAL DIFFICULTY.

WE do not know that the Unionist Conference held at Birmingham last Monday, and to be resumed next Monday, is a particularly delightful study for Unionists as such; but it is certainly a very useful study in politics, and one which cannot be too closely conned. Dislike it as we may, the system of groups has made its way into the English Parliament, and it is very doubtful whether it will be easily or soon cast out. Gladstonians have already had their troubles with it in the case of the Laboucharian Irreconcilables or Inconceivables (as they might be better termed), and, in the event of getting their Home Rule way for a time, they would certainly have still worse troubles of the same kind with the Parnellites. But naturally the Conservative-Liberal alliance offers the most abundant instances, and of these the most crucial is at Birmingham. Unless rumour lies very much, it was Conservative apathy, if not something more deliberate still, which worked against Mr. AUSTIN CHAMBERLAIN in the municipal election there last week, and no one has forgotten the perilous and hardly settled disputes at the last Parliamentary contest. At that time we did not hesitate to give our opinion that the Conservatives were wrong, and if it were the case that, either from sulking over the past or from scheming for the future, they have allowed municipal seats to be gained by Gladstonians, their conduct would be still more reprehensible. But this last point is not certain, and in regard to the former it must be remembered that, however reluctantly, they did what the alliance demanded. We are, however, not much concerned with the questions whether the Conservatives want too much or whether (as

those singularly disinterested critics, our Gladstonian friends, unanimously decide) Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gives too little, as questions in themselves. The canvass which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN recommends, if carried out, might supply data for arguing these questions, but at present such data are not easy to get. As it happens, too, they are immaterial to the larger and more important questions concerned. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as we understand, admits that, arithmetically speaking, the present Liberal-Unionist representation of Birmingham is much above that to which the Liberal-Unionists, as such, are entitled. The Tory leaders, as we understand, admit that (putting the vexed Central Division out of question) they could not by themselves or without Liberal help carry the other six divisions. Here we have two valuable admissions to go upon. Further, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S argument—which is, in effect, an argument for virtual representation—is that, though the Liberal-Unionism of Birmingham may not be entitled to the seats it actually has, the Liberal-Unionism, say of London, is entitled to many more seats than it has, and so you “odd it till it comes even.” This argument is highly plausible. But so is the Tory reply. “That is all very well; but we must show our own hounds game to keep them to the sport, and if we are to be constantly sacrificing ourselves to you, we shall lose our supporters.” “Very true,” rejoins Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; “but, in the same way, if you force Tories on us, our men will fall away to the Gladstonians, and you will find yourself, as you did before, powerless against a reunited and so-called ‘Liberal party.’” And the worst of it is that all these contentions are quite true and valid, and that it is impossible to see any way out of them except by some form of the celebrated HARE plan of a kind of *scrutin de liste* for the whole country, which has constantly commended itself to philosophers and been scoffed at by practical men. But where you cannot find a way out except by an inaccessible door, the only thing to do is to make yourself as comfortable as possible inside—that is to say, by mutual concession. And the difficulty of adjusting such concessions is one of the main arguments, though there are others, against the subdivision of parties and the creation of groups. Still, as the subdivision of parties with the consequent creation of groups bids fair to be the most prominent feature of politics for some considerable time, it is evident that there will be both more need of and more scope for political management than has been the case for a very long period in England.

SOME SPEECHES OF THE WEEK.

IT is difficult for any one who reads Mr. MORLEY'S speeches at the Newcastle Town Hall and in the Newcastle Liberal Club, with a recollection of his previous day's experiences at the Central Station of that town, to help recalling a *locus classicus* of Johnsonian table-talk:—“Sir, ‘it is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all.’” Mr. MORLEY himself referred, with a good humour—shall we say a recovered good humour?—which does him infinite credit, to “the course of gymnastics” he had been put through the night before; and it argues a vast amount of what CARLYLE called “cheery stoicism” on his part that he should have found himself able to meet, discourse to, and even make merry with, constituents, who—or an important, and probably a dominant, party among whom—had within the last twenty-four hours given him such a taste of their intolerable quality. Fortunately, however, for Mr. MORLEY, he had not to play the principal part in the proceedings either at the Liberal Club or at the Town Hall. Lord SPENCER, the guest of the Club at luncheon, was also the chief speaker at the evening meeting, and among other matters with which he dealt on the latter occasion was one which it were to be wished, for the sake of his reputation, that he had let alone. In the miserable position into which Mr. GLADSTONE has dragged them, the conduct of the few men of character, and once of moral weight and authority, who still consent to follow him is constantly presenting us with a very painful problem. They are always selected, or select themselves—for the uncertainty on this point is part of the problem—to assail the policy of the Government at points where such attack is least creditable to any man of Ministerial position and past experience of Ministerial responsibility who condescends to make it. And we are continually invited to wonder whether they volunteer for or are pressed into this service because it is imagined by themselves or

held by their leader that it is their duty to lend such semblance of respectability as may be possible to the ignoble work, or whether they are actually attracted to such subjects by one of those perverted instincts which generally accompany demoralization of any kind, whether political or other.

Lord SPENCER'S reference to the Gweedore murder and the Maryborough trials supplies as melancholy an example of this unpleasant problem as we can for the moment recall. “The Government,” he said, “were bound to prosecute; but they were bound to do it with forbearance and justice. If the crowd, who acted like howling madmen ‘when they made the attack on the policemen, were ‘excited, it was no business of the Government to be ‘excited.’ That is to say, it is a mark of ‘excitement’ on the part of an Executive to direct that a man who has deliberately brought about a riot from which a murder has resulted shall be proceeded against—in the first instance, at any rate—upon an assumption of his *prima facie* responsibility for the gravest of the consequences ensuing from his act. ‘The Government,’ continued Lord SPENCER, ‘charged Father M’FADDEN with murder; but he was ‘released eventually on merely pleading guilty to the ‘technical charge of obstructing the police, which he never ‘denied. They withdrew practically every charge against ‘him, and he (Lord SPENCER) could not help thinking that ‘a greater act of injustice and unfairness to a free subject ‘of the QUEEN had hardly ever been put before the public.’ Perhaps the relatives, friends, and comrades of the murdered police-officer may not take Lord SPENCER'S easy-going view of a ‘technical’ offence, which practically led directly to that unfortunate man being beaten and stoned to death; and, if they are not very greatly impressed by the ‘injustice’ and ‘unfairness’ shown to a priest who returns home absolutely scathless in respect of a murder which will for ever lie, where the battered corpse of the victim lay, at his door, we entertain no doubt whatever that their feelings are shared by every healthy mind uncorrupted by the virus of partisanship in the United Kingdom.

As to Lord SPENCER'S animadversions on the constitution of the Maryborough juries, he is to be sincerely compassionate on not having apparently seen the *Times* of the day in which he spoke. Had he done so he would have come across a letter which put Mr. MORLEY'S previous strictures on this point in so ridiculous a light that Lord SPENCER, we suspect, would have been disposed to steer clear of the subject. Really, now that it is known to a public who have hitherto been very ill-informed on the matter that at the first of the two trials the defence challenged twenty jurors against twenty-two challenged by the Crown; that at the second trial the numbers on each side were respectively twenty and twenty-four—of which latter number four were Protestants, whereas in no case did the defence ever challenge a Catholic—when these facts, we say, have been made known, it argues a little too audacious presumption upon popular stupidity for Gladstonian orators to persevere with the parrot cry against jury-packing. In saying that Lord SPENCER must have missed the correspondent's letter in question, we are sorry only to mean that, if he had seen it, he might have doubted whether the public could be any longer misled on the matter in question. We cannot, unfortunately, suppose that the information contained in it was required to remove any illusions of his own. Lord SPENCER'S Viceregal experience has made him perfectly familiar with the whole practice of criminal prosecution in Ireland, and he knows as well as any one what is the real value of the Parnellite rubbish about jury-packing. When, therefore, we read these latest utterances of his at Newcastle, we find ourselves more than ever oppressed by the painful question, whether such speeches are to be regarded as part of the *corvée* of a wretched political servitude, or as the spontaneous suggestions of a profound political demoralization. The empty rhetoric of which Mr. MORLEY, in professed reply to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, delivered himself on the following evening at Middlesborough, finds its simplest and most effective answer in the plain facts of the contest now waging on the PONSONBY estate. Here we have, on the one hand, a body of tenants holding under a landlord whose liberality—nay, whose “exalted, honourable, ‘and generous conduct’”—they have themselves at a former day admitted, and whose rents since that day have never been raised; and, on the other hand, a knot of agitators, presided over by a political agitator who knows absolutely nothing of the estate and its circumstances, and inspired by a priest

who knows enough of these circumstances to convict him of wilful and deliberate falsehood in asserting that, "in the memory of living witnesses and far beyond it, the tenants in question have been notoriously rack-rented and oppressed." This crew of mischief-makers have thrust themselves between the PONSONBY tenants and their landlord, opposing and thwarting every reasonable effort at a settlement, until now, when every penny of rent has for four years been withheld, it has at last become imperatively necessary to strike at the fraudulent conspiracy in the only way which is unfortunately possible—namely, by eviction process issued against its dupes. Or, if this were not a sufficient answer to Mr. MORLEY, it would be easy to supplement it by extending the survey to another Irish county, and noting what has passed between Mr. SMITH-BARRY and the aggressive combination which he, too, is so stoutly combating. Here the evidence of gratuitous and tyrannical interference on the part of the agitators is even more convincing than in the other case; and we find a tenant actually writing to his landlord to express his regret that he has been unable, although he is personally opposed to withholding his rent, to resist the coercive pressure brought to bear upon him to compel him to that course. And, while things like this are happening in Ireland, Mr. MORLEY can get up at Middlesborough and exclaim, "Depend upon it we are fighting the old battle of 'oppression on one side and freedom on the other.'" So in one sense they are—Mr. MORLEY and his "campaigning" friends in Ireland. But if he really wishes to know on which side "the oppression" is, and on which the freedom, we recommend him to put himself at once into communication with Mr. WILLIAM EATON, Protestant tenant on the estate of Mr. SMITH-BARRY. "Right and wrong," continued the unconsciously suicidal orator, "are in the nature of 'things—laws of right and wrong are graven on the tables of experience and history.'" Yes, right and wrong are in the nature of things; and they have no relation to the sophistical standards set up by a man who seems destined to prove to the world that "the best things turn to the worst" is an adage which nowhere justifies itself with more terrible force than in relation to the debasement of the philosophical moralist turned party politician. And, if one lesson is graven more deeply than another on the "tables of experience and history," it is that there can be no worse enemies of a people than those who undertake to lead them to the attainment of their material interests by the path of fraud and violence.

BICYCLES v. CAVALRY.

A VOLUNTEER on a bicycle is a patriotic and imposing spectacle, and no doubt in actual service he can go very fast, far, and silently. The advantages of a bicycle when you wish to establish an *alibi* have presented themselves to the mind of M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISCOBEY long ago, and lately to the fancy of an English novelist. Now, if ever any men could have a natural and justifiable desire to be elsewhere, these men are bicycling warriors swooped upon by hostile cavalry in a hollow, with steep rising ground in front and rear. What, in these distressing circumstances, are the bicyclists to do? To leap from their machines and run away over walls appears to be about the most obvious strategic movement. But Professor COOK WILSON, a pundit in moral philosophy, and a lieutenant of Volunteers, has invented a dodge which has been depicted in the *Illustrated London News*. The gallant bicyclists form square, turn their machines upside down, lie down behind them, aim at the doomed foe, and—set the wheels of the bicycles whirling. Next to meeting "a waggon-load of 'monkeys with their tails burned off'" (an improbable adventure), there is nothing a cavalry charger dislikes more than being expected to charge a zariba of bicycles with the wheels twirling. "Ware wire" is what he says to himself at present; though it may be different when the cavalry of our foes has been trained to say "Ha, ha!" and jump a lively bicycle hedge. Meanwhile, of course, he is being potted at by the Volunteers on the other side of the wires; and there are the bayonets to be reckoned with, and the bugler, who is a very determined-looking person in a Merton ribbon. Professor COOK WILSON's zariba is a good zariba; but has he asked himself what becomes of the lamps when the bicycles are turned upside down? Surely the foolish bicyclists will be like the foolish virgins, and their oil will be spilt. Or are the lamps constructed with

such ingenuity that they can stand being turned upside down without spilling? On the whole, we fancy it will be better to invent some way of turning a bicycle into a strong-hold without turning it upside down. It seems to be taken for granted that the enemy will not land a force of bicyclists; but why not? Bicycles are far more easily transported than horses; bicycles eat nothing, bicycles do not stampee, and have no nerves. The first skirmish in which bicyclists meet bicyclists will be a glorious opportunity for the artist. A sabre drill should be devised on purpose for them, as we presume that a regiment of bicyclist lancers would be sorely cumbered with their spears, unless, indeed, these are accommodated with joints, like fishing-rods. A charge of bicycling lancers, however, if it could be arranged, would certainly "give tone to what might otherwise degenerate into a 'vulgar brawl.'" It is probable that feats of fancy bicycling may horrify horses when the Oxford men meet hostile cavalry. The horse hates the bicycle almost as much as he dislikes the camel of the desert. On the whole, it seems that Professor COOK WILSON is in the right course or track, and his services to Oxford Volunteering have been most energetic and praiseworthy. The only obvious weak point, to a civilian mind, is that business of the lamps—which, after all, perhaps the ingenious inventor can deal with by some plan of his own—and the possibility of entanglements dire in the case of a sudden order to reverse bicycles and retreat.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM CENTENARY.

FOR some weeks past the floral world has been moved to the depths to celebrate the centenary of the chrysanthemum in Europe. Exhibitions have been held throughout the country amid general enthusiasm. The horticultural press has put forth its "Chrysanthemum numbers," and has overbrimmed with technical and historical articles on the subject. This week the observance culminates in the Conference and exhibition at Chiswick, the Crystal Palace Show, and the popular annual display in the Temple. What does it matter if, as Mr. CARRUTHERS points out, the centenary is celebrated twenty-five years after date? The rich results of culture are the richer for the delay. The enthusiast of 1764 may well have deemed those first specimens grown in the garden of the Apothecaries' Company at Chelsea "almost too august and 'high for adoration,'" as LANDOR's epigram on LUCRETIA BORGIA's hair has it; and now they are "dust," or on the way to dissolution, the "pellucid gold" of the "golden flower" has acquired a splendour of sheen and colour that shames the pale original. The first forms of the Chinese flower introduced in 1763, and preserved in the herbarium of the Natural History Department, the first specimen pictured in the *Botanical Magazine*, give themes on which the least successful cultivator might moralize; though the beauty and fragrance of these once held everybody by their freshness and charm. The elegance and ineffable distinction of the flower are qualities of unknown antiquity. The exquisite aroma that exhales from stems, foliage, buds, and flowers is a primal inalienable virtue. The rose-raiser has succeeded in evolving roses that are the reverse of "royal in their scent alone," roses robbed of odour, their highest natural gift; but no ingenious person has yet succeeded in evolving a scentless chrysanthemum. But in form and colour and magnitude culture has worked miracles. Looking round the wonderful gathering at Chiswick, the cultivator and lover of flowers may well murmur, "Better 'fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,'" though perhaps the culture of the "flowery land" was ill represented by the first importations to Europe. Mr. HARMAN PAYNE estimates the period of Chinese cultivation at more than two thousand years, yet European culture, in the course of a little more than a century, has surpassed the most fantastic visions of Japanese designers. The very name of the flower has become curiously inexact. There are other golden flowers, much less subject to variation; and the name was never truly significant, as are the names that perpetuate some fixed or notable character, or those, like *Bougainvillea*, *Tradescantia*, *Dahlia*, and *Linnaea*, that enshrine the memory of botanists. The old gold that suggested the name was, curiously enough, akin to sulphur, or chrome, or Naples yellow. Now these hues are blended in infinite gradations of tone with bronzy tints and reds and maroon; yet, for all its exuberance of development, it possesses gold in abundance, sheeny, or dull, or dusted like the auricula.

Well is it that the chrysanthemum fosters eclecticism in its admirers. The passionate pilgrim to Chiswick or the Crystal Palace would be hard put to name his love among the seven hundred varieties and the diverse forms of the flower. Happily, its habit, style, and form know no violence or excess. No flower is its superior in decorative value. It is never "loud," and it does not flaunt. It may be flamboyant, globular, starry, cupped, incurved, recurved, generous-eyed, or compact as a ball; it may ape a wild disorder, as of the locks of some fierce manad or the tentacles of a zoophyte, or be as demurely prim as any autumnal aster; and withal it is ever of noble behaviour, refined, decorous, elegant, fascinating. Its native elegance is a good deal impaired at times when treated for exhibition purposes, when some eight feet of stem, surmounted by a single prodigious flower, rise from a pot of ludicrous dimensions, with the curious effect of a head impaled on a pike. Assiduous tending and generous feeding throughout the summer have produced this wonder of bulk and circumference, yet if you are not a raiser of florist's flowers, you wonder rather less at the result than at the pains expended. The chrysanthemum has a lovely way of languor, drooping or waving in luxuriant manner, when grown in favourable circumstances, not for competitive shows. To see a goodly company in the open air under some protecting wall in an ancient garden is a sight to warm the waning autumn sun to fresh ardour. Despite its reputed hardness, the chrysanthemum can seldom be seen at its best in gardens. Those gigantic plants depicted by Mr. DU MAURIER in *Punch*, which are "not bad—for the time of year," could never have grown but in some Hesperian garden, with a foamless sea hard by. Some varieties, the pomponé kinds especially, will make a brave show in many parts of England, but all alike detest the buffetings of the autumnal storms, and the ruinous rains that often precede sharp frosts. There are, it is true, the summer-blooming kinds, though they have scarcely achieved popularity; but, with all possible care on the part of the open-air grower, the glories of Chiswick are altogether beyond his attainment.

MORE STRIKES.

THE draw in favour of the dock-labourers which ended the "great strike" has plainly established a conviction in the minds of workmen that they have only to strike and they must obtain whatever they please. Accordingly the papers are again full of strikes and rumours of strikes, in London and out of it. The bakers are to strike to-day week unless their demands are conceded, the lightermen have struck already, while there is a dropping fire of reports of strikes in the provinces. In short, an attempt is being made to raise wages all over the country. The effort is a very natural one. There is at no time anything immoral in it, and, when the men have calculated correctly, and have struck on a rising market, they are thoroughly well entitled to whatever they can get. When they judge unwisely, and strike at the wrong time, they must smart for it; but they are not more iniquitous, and we doubt whether they are more mischievous, than the persons who perform costly antics in copper markets and cotton rings. We make these not very original remarks merely as a precaution against those emotional friends of ours who think that whenever you doubt the wisdom of a strike, you are denying the right of the downtrodden son of toil to better himself. By all means let him better himself; but we doubt whether he is going the right way to work to do it in some cases.

The lightermen's strike, which is now in full swing, is the most conspicuous of these movements for the time being, and is for other reasons particularly deserving of attention. It happens to illustrate in a remarkable way the consequences of treating business as sentiment, and not as business. The men, it is known, first struck out of sympathy with the dock-labourers, and then continued out on strike from sympathy with themselves. When at last they were persuaded to go back, and to allow the dockers to go back, they consented to accept Lord BRASSEY as arbitrator between them and their employers. Lord BRASSEY was to decide their differences as to wages, on which point the masters had indicated their readiness to make concessions, and also their differences as to terms of night-work, on which point the masters would not yield. As might have been expected, Lord BRASSEY made the formal

award of wages, and then, like a sensible man, observed that the masters and lightermen had better settle the terms of night-work between them; in short, he confessed ingenuously that his arbitration, like most others, was a mere futility. The quarrel has accordingly broken out afresh, and the lightermen went on strike on Monday—the day from which the rise of pay for the docker was to begin. So far the strike has shown the folly of interference of third parties in family quarrels. The lesson, however, has been lost on the old Committee of conciliation, which is again at work at the Mansion House showing its heartfelt sympathy for B by asking for money from A. Another fact about the strike, which is not without interest, is this, that the lightermen are a chartered body with a monopoly. They can stop much of the work on the river, and are prepared to do it. How that conduct differs from the common selfishness of the ordinary employer we have yet to learn. It may be necessary to inquire shortly whether the charter has not been forfeited. In the meantime it appears—and this is a second point which the sympathizers with all strikes may take into consideration—that the dockers for whom the lightermen struck are being persuaded to strike for their friends in turn. The trades are to establish a cross-ruff, at the expense of the employer and the consumer who are the other partners in the game. For, after all, the cost of this sort of play falls sooner or later on the consumer—and that is the most important of all the points the Committee of conciliation and onlookers of all kinds may take into their consideration.

It has already been borne in upon the minds of some sympathizers with the workmen in the County Council that since the rise of wages in the docks there has been a corresponding rise of 6*d.* per ton in the price of the coal brought up the Thames. This was, of course, inevitable. It is the nature of business that an increase in the cost of working any branch of it is soon felt in an increase in the cost of products. The working class will suffer by this as well as other people. Moreover, when the consequence of the rise in prices is followed out, it is seen to be very likely to lead to results of a far from pleasant character for London workmen. The port has some difficulty in making head against its many competitors as it is. If the conduct of business is made more costly and more difficult, trade will go very rapidly away from it. This may, as some profess to believe, be for the general good of the country; but what will the effect of it be on the dockers, stevedores, and lightermen themselves? The question is one which their sympathizers might put to them, instead of merely prophesying smooth things and encouraging them in delusions.

A BAD BUSINESS.

THE Coroner's jury have found a verdict to the effect that the late Mr. ERNEST WELDON died from exhaustion, though there was not sufficient evidence to show that he had the specific diseases mentioned in the medical certificate as the cause of death. As the certificate was signed by one doctor and filled up by another, the signature being the earlier process of the two, the uncertainty of the inference and the doubts of the jury are not altogether wonderful. The proceedings described in the Coroner's court are more remarkable than satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that they are not likely to recur. The ends of justice have not in this instance suffered, because it has been conclusively proved that no one contributed to Mr. WELDON's sudden and early departure from this world except himself. There was not, indeed, the faintest shadow of excuse for the cruel suspicions against Mrs. ERNEST WELDON, which had their appropriate origin in the worst type of American journalism. The attempt to make another MAYBRICK case out of this unhappy young man's only too intelligible fate was a most miserable and disgraceful enterprise. The plain truth is that Mr. WELDON drank himself into his grave. "I have been going it," he said when he sent for the doctor; and he knew perfectly well what was the matter with him. There was no earthly reason why the public should have known anything whatever about it. When an unfortunate man destroys his health, his reason, and his life by dismal and besotted folly, the feelings of his relatives need surely not be sacrificed to a curiosity which is first morbid and secondly idiotic. But with a certain class of newspaper nothing is too high or too low for copy. There are some

purveyors of what the poverty of the English language compels us to call news, who make so much out of a "mystery" that they will make a mystery out of anything. "Only twenty-nine? How strange! Wife married before? Startling coincidence. Very few people at the funeral? This must be looked into." So we have a long story, or rather a long series of long sentences, in which hardly a single fact can be found, but which produces upon the mind of a hasty reader a vague impression that there has been murder, and that it is, somehow, a family affair.

Some said the Prince Bishop had run a man through,
Others said an assassin had killed the Prince Bishop.

Mr. WELDON died on the 8th of September, and it became necessary to bury him at once. About a fortnight afterwards people began to talk, or rather to write, and by order of the HOME SECRETARY the body was exhumed. Perhaps it is as well that Mr. MATTHEWS granted the permission, though there was really no particular reason for it. When accusations of murder are made or insinuated, it is only right that all doubt should be removed. Dr. STEVENSON, the well-known Analyst to the Home Office, employed every available test to discover the existence of poison in the remains, and found, as might have been anticipated, that there was nothing of the sort. It would be useless and unpleasant to describe the condition in which Mr. WELDON was found by his doctor four days before his death. One need not be a medical expert to see by a glance at the symptoms that the patient was in a very advanced stage of alcoholic decline. He said himself that he had begun drinking when he was a boy at Marlborough, and that he had been drinking steadily ever since. It has been suggested with sublime absurdity that this fact is disparaging to the reputation of our public schools. As Mr. WELDON was a resident of South Kensington at the time of his fatal seizure, that interesting and intellectual district must expect to be accused of fostering an appetite for stimulants. If one boy drank in secret at Marlborough fifteen years ago, the present Head-Master must, it seems, be called upon to defend the existing morality of his school. It is as difficult to prevent some boys from drinking as to stop some fools from raving. But that tipping is a common vice in the public schools of this country all experience emphatically contradicts. The evidence of Dr. FARR and of his brother, Mr. JAMES FARR, is much more germane to the matter than the former discipline of Marlborough. It is, as the Coroner said, worth the attention of the Registrar-General. If the certificate had been duly written and signed by the same doctor, it is possible that this wretched story might never have been published. As it was, the Coroner had to interpose, and prevent counsel from going into domestic disputes. There has seldom been a more unwholesome instance of the wish to believe evil, and to dwell upon nauseous details. A man's mind must indeed be empty, swept, and garnished before he wants to know the contents of a deceased drunkard's intestines.

SIR HENRY PARKES'S LETTER.

THE letter which the Premier of New South Wales has addressed to his colleagues in the Australasian colonies has been understood to be the beginning of a serious attempt to organize a Federation of Australia. It is to be taken for granted that Sir HENRY PARKES wrote it with this intention; but whether it will have this effect is at least doubtful. We have yet to see what reception will be given to his proposal by the other colonies, and then whether agreement among them is possible if they do meet in the Conference he desires to see held. At present it looks not improbable that, so far from forwarding Federation, Sir HENRY PARKES may only have stopped a comparatively easy step towards a final Federation by threatening to drown it in the discussion of measures which may prove by no means easy of accomplishment. His letter is an answer to an invitation from Victoria to help in the establishment of some form of common administration for the defences of the colonies. This Sir HENRY PARKES declines to do, on the ground that organization of the defences must needs be part of a general federal organization, and he insists that the lesser question must be dealt with as part of the greater. Now, whatever appearance of cogency there may be about his contention, it may very well turn out in practice that, if the Australian colonies are called upon to

discuss the points on which their interests differ, they may lose sight of that on which they agree, and Federation may be found to be further off than ever.

The reasons which Sir HENRY PARKES gives for declining to join with Victoria in organizing the defences of the colonies appear to us to be just those which would commend themselves to a man who was casting about for a plausible excuse for forcing on a scheme of his own. He justifies his refusal, first, by the alleged want of authority in the colonial Governments to establish a common army, and then by the want of any common authority to command it. As Sir HENRY PARKES acknowledges that the Federal Council Act especially authorizes the colonies to act together for their "general defences," we do not quite understand why authority should be supposed to be wanting. Sir HENRY is made to doubt because the "general defences" are included in a long list of secondary matters, and he does not think it possible that the power to do so considerable a thing as form an army should be conferred in so casual a manner. The want of a common authority to control the army is for the moment obvious enough, but the Federal Council Act provides the means of establishing one. If the colonies choose to establish a Council and limit it to the management of the defences, no opposition to their wish would be offered by the Imperial Government. A politician who was really anxious to forward the formation of a Federation might very well consent to this tentative step, even if he were sure that it would be found unsatisfactory on trial. If the desire for closer union is really strong in Australia, it would be strengthened by the discovery that half-measures were of no avail. On the other hand, the desire must be powerful, indeed, if it proves strong enough to overcome the many obstacles to Federation which must needs come to the front in any such Conference as Sir HENRY PARKES wishes to see held. The respective fiscal policies of New South Wales and Victoria would alone constitute a difficulty of the most serious kind. New South Wales has adhered to Free-trade, and will hardly be disposed to accept the Victorian tariff in return for what market Victoria can offer it. Victoria is even less likely to surrender its tariff in return for the commercial nothing at all which New South Wales can offer. What could New South Wales give if Free-trade is adopted, except that liberty to compete with the products of the mother-country which Victoria possesses already. There are other and minor, but not insignificant, difficulties which will have to be overcome before Federation can be established in Australia, the claims of Sydney and Melbourne to be capital being one of them. It may also very well be found that, if the Conference does meet, the position of Western Australia may lead to difficulties with the mother-country. On the whole, therefore, it is at best doubtful whether Sir HENRY PARKES's letter will prove the beginning of a serious attempt to establish Federation in Australia. The effort, if made, will be sure of sympathy in England. The colonies are welcome to do whatever they think is for their interest, and we can only hope that it will be found to agree with our own.

GERMANY AND THE PORTE.

EVEN after the numerous visits which have recently been paid by the German EMPEROR, it might have been expected that his pilgrimage to Constantinople would not lack comment; and, on the whole, the comment has been moderate and reasonable enough. If Germany were supposed to be in close alliance with all the countries to which her active young EMPEROR takes it into his head to journey, France would find herself left against a world in arms; or perhaps the EMPEROR's passion for travel might even lead him to France herself. As a matter of fact, the relations between Berlin and Constantinople need be nothing but friendly, for the very reason that they have always been rather distant. There is, no doubt, a good deal of soreness in the Turkish mind as to the conduct of friends who were once very close friends indeed; and it has been frequently admitted here that the Turks have a good deal to say for themselves. If they are to lose provinces, to be lectured and interfered with, to be regarded as a sort of standing dish for Europe to cut and come again at whenever there is a fancy to carve out some newfangled principality, they would, naturally enough, as soon have these operations performed by open enemies as by very obliging friends. These are almost the words attributed to the

SULTAN himself in a recent conversation. They are very natural words; and it is equally natural that the Turks should not care to consider too carefully how difficult they have made the task of helping them, and how easy that of relieving them of their goods.

Germany, at least, has a clear record as regards Turkey; and, if she has never done anything for the Porte, she is all the more free from unpleasant memories of transactions in which for a century and more the Turk has, somehow or other, invariably come off the loser, and the Christian, whether foe or friend, the winner. It is extremely improbable that any serious idea of inducing Turkey to enter the Triple Alliance was entertained; and it would be very difficult to say on which side such an arrangement would be most risky. That the Turks can produce excellent soldiery a well-educated young man like the Emperor WILLIAM must have known before the fact was exposed to his actual eyesight. But, dismembered, mangled, encroached upon, and drained of money as Turkey has been, her alliance would be of little offensive service to any one, while it would oblige her allies to that very entanglement with Eastern affairs which it has been the special object of German policy to keep out. On the other hand, such an alliance would be for Turkey a direct challenge to Russia, and would be regarded as a hostile act by France, who, though she has never done much good to Turkey, during the last thirty years at least, and has disobliged the Porte in the matter of Tunis, is still by way of being a kind of friend. Such assistance as Turkey can give—which must be chiefly in the way of distracting a part of the enemy's forces—would arise more naturally out of the circumstances of war, when war comes, than out of an alliance which might provoke war. Nor in other matters need the visit have much effect politically. The desire of the Porte to recognize Prince FERDINAND is a very sensible desire, and will probably take effect some day; but, so long as the Great Powers do not wish openly to break with Russia on the subject of her disgraceful refusal to perform the duty of a trustee, such a recognition could do no good, and might precipitate harm. Indeed, so generally have these considerations been recognized as valid, that the rumour about the engagement of Princess MARGARET of Prussia to the CZAREWITCH may be regarded as in part an attempt to start a new hare when it was found that no more running could be got out of the old. The rumour and its contradictions may be shortly dismissed, and the commotion which they have excited in Austria was both unreasonable and unhealthy. The Austrians might have comforted themselves by remembering that marriage-bells cannot break the laws of nature, and that the laws of nature have made it impossible for Germany and Russia to be real friends.

THE MARITIME CONFERENCE.

WE confess to a difficulty, which, for the rest, is probably shared by all who consider its proceedings, in deciding whether anything, or, if anything, what, can come out of the Maritime Conference now in progress in America. The English delegates have been instructed to keep the discussions within narrow bounds. They have been ordered to confine themselves to the rules of the road and to lights and sound-signals. It is obvious that a maritime Conference would be amazingly fond of discussion for its own sake if it persisted in talking about subjects which the English representatives refused to consider. The other members have, therefore, somewhat unwillingly, as we gather, confined themselves to this reference. Even within these limits they have, however, been unable to effect much of a definite kind as yet. To be sure, this is largely due to the good sense of the delegates. If they had accepted one of the suggestions made to them, the Conference would have distinguished itself by giving currency to nearly the most dangerous innovation which could well be made in the accepted rules of the road. Some of the delegates, headed by the German Captain MESSING, proposed to record the approval of the Conference to a declaration that it is not necessary to slacken speed in a fog. It is very characteristic that the Germans, the last comers among maritime peoples, should be so audacious. Not so many years ago some of their ships undertook to show the Channel Squadron that it was safe, if you were only smart enough, to manoeuvre with your ships at half a cable's length from one another. The result of that lesson of theirs was the

sudden disappearance of the *Great Elector*. It is quite consistent with their youthful enthusiasm that they should be the partisans of the very plausible paradox that great speed in a fog is safe, because the quicker you go, the more easily can you alter your course. When you can see ahead, and the officer on the bridge is a man of steady nerve and sound judgment, speed may be safe in crowded waters, though, even then, moderation is safer. But in a fog, when it is often impossible to see the vessel's length ahead, great speed is simply criminal. The most moderate dose of common sense will enable anyone to understand that, when a very short distance has to be covered, to avoid a collision, the longer a ship is in covering it, the better will be her chance of avoiding a smash. Moreover, slow speed makes it easier to stop altogether; and there are times when stopping altogether is the only safe resource in a fog. This smart-looking belief in high speed is, no doubt, not unpopular among English skippers, who are in the habit of justifying it by saying that owners and passengers like quick passages. So they may, but rules of the road are not made for owners, and passengers ought to have no voice in the matter.

The more modest suggestions which have been made to the Conference generally take the form of additions to the lights already used. Some of the delegates recommend side lights ast as well as forward, and others complain that sailing ships do not show lights enough to warn a steamer which may be overtaking them. On the whole, these proposals seem to be inspired by the belief that, if signals enough are made and lights shown in abundance, they must be seen. Unfortunately the records of collisions are there to show that disasters happen because lights which ought to be shown are not shown, or because lights which ought to be seen are not seen. These causes of collision would not be removed by the mere multiplication or alteration of lights. Exactly the same may be said, with the necessary changes of words, of fog signals. Neither does it appear at all probable that the third cause of collisions, which is error of judgment, would be diminished, still less removed, by making the lights and signals already used other or more complicated than they are. Nobody has yet proved that, when lights are properly shown, signals properly sounded, and a proper look-out kept, it is not quite possible for ships to see or hear and avoid one another. Until that is done, we fail to see the justification for changes which must begin by causing confusion. It is, however, happily apparent that this is the opinion of most of the delegates, for they have been very cautious in accepting innovations.

THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.

THE French Exhibition has ended appropriately enough in a very large, very successful, and very good-tempered gaudy. Singing men and women sang into the phonograph on the Eiffel Tower, and thereby secured themselves a kind of immortality. All Paris and some foreign parts swarmed into the building on the absolutely last occasion on which it was to be opened. Lions and lionesses flowed softly about in crowds. But the spectacle has been sung by the *Times'* Correspondent, who was there, and to whom it brought a fit of poetic enthusiasm, in which he compared it all to a "Parisian 'return from the Derby,' minus the donkey-carts." The French may be excused—or rather need no excuse at all—if they have felt jubilant at the success of their Exhibition. It has been a very successful thing of its kind, and admirably well managed. No hitch of any kind has occurred in it from first to last. Instruction and amusement have been mingled with the greatest tact. Those people who rejoice in looking at heaps of heterogeneous articles from all parts of the world have never had such a feast provided for them. If the French really did require to prove to themselves for their own peace of mind that they can still attract crowds of visitors to Paris and can manage a big show, they have done it thoroughly well.

The extraordinary thing (and yet to those who know their Frenchmen it is not so extraordinary) is that they have felt the need of making this demonstration. That curious corruption of modesty which takes the form of vanity (*corruptio optimi pessima*, you know) has given the French agonies of pain during the last few years, and they have at last been driven to do something conspicuous just to show themselves and the world that they are alive. To take this for granted and let the world wag as it pleases is not the nature of Frenchmen, and that is why they are

such a brisk element in Europe. For the rest, their activity has been known to take worse forms. Just now, until the blue devils get hold of them again, they are pleased with themselves and the impression they have produced. Some of them are even convinced that Englishmen and other foreigners, but particularly Englishmen, must now see that the French are good for something. It must, one would think, be very painful to belong to a nation which is in such a perpetual fidget about its neighbours' opinion. One might as well be a Bostonian. Another fact about the Exhibition, and one that would be extraordinary, indeed, if the French were anything but French, is, that it has had a most undoubted influence on the stability of their Government. It would be rash, indeed, to assert that the Third Republic is safe; but certainly it is safer than it was six months ago, and far safer than it would have been if the Bazaar had been a less undoubted success. On that point the French are themselves the best authority. They assert that it is so, and may be believed. When the Exhibition was first planned it was generally remarked what a sad thing it would be if it were interrupted, and so there was a general agreement not to interrupt it. The desire to figure in it stiffened the backbone of the Republicans, and the fear that he might have to bear the blame of disturbing it helped, with other fears, to hamper the Brave who sits at Jersey in the seat of VICTOR HUGO. Really it may therefore be safely said that this big version of BARNUM'S Circus did for France what its political faculty would never have done. If this sounds a flippant and impertinent remark, let the French bear the blame themselves. They say that they have been so influenced, and it is hard to believe that any people would make such a ridiculous confession in mere wantonness. How long the influence of the Exhibition will last is another question. People cannot live on the Eiffel Tower alone or go on listening to M. MELCHISEDEC out of a phonograph for ever. But the truth as to this will appear in time. For the present, it is enough to note the fact, equally veracious and amazing, that the rarest of rarees shows has done for the Third Republic nearly or quite as much as could be done for it by victory over foreign foes, and more than could be done for it by good finance and statesmanlike administration at home. What a wonderful people!

MR. SMITH AT GLASGOW.

IF Mr. SMITH, as he told his hearers at Glasgow the other night, has never before addressed a Scotch audience, he has made a good beginning. His speech from first to last was of a kind which, supposing there to be anything in accepted theories of the national temperament, ought to be most effective with a Scottish audience; while its concluding portion—if we except the unlucky reference to the "English flag," a slip the more remarkable because "British" is a word which comes more naturally to the lips in connexion with "flag" than almost any other word in the language—was eminently calculated to give satisfaction in Scotland. The FIRST LORD of the TREASURY has promised to proceed further with Scotch business next Session, and he made special disclosure of the intention of the Government to appoint a "small Commission of practical men" to examine Lord LOTHIAN'S proposals for the development of the resources of the Western Highlands and the Hebrides. The announcement will be welcome elsewhere than in Scotland, and the initiation of the measures to which it refers will deserve to be watched with interest by Englishmen. No better occasion could be given for testing the real amount of influence which the CLARKS and KEAYS and the other washed-out imitations of Irish agrarian agitators have obtained over a sensible and hard-headed people. We shall be somewhat surprised if it does not bring about an ignominious collapse. There are limits, as we see, even to the obstruction which the Parnellites dare to offer to legislation for the advancement of the material prosperity of Ireland, and it is not at all likely that the Scotchmen who are endeavouring *hand passibus aquis* to make their way along the same road will venture even upon an equally guarded conversion of the interests of their countrymen into the counters of their own political game.

On general questions of contemporary Scottish politics Mr. SMITH had no very specific observations to make. But one remark of wide application—a remark, indeed, which

applies to the whole of our modern system of managing our political affairs—he did make; and, if anybody wishes to measure the distance which we have travelled in the course of the last twenty years, he has only to note the extraordinary air of antiquity which now distinguishes Mr. SMITH'S simple words. Politicians, he observed, are in the habit of saying nowadays, "It is not a question whether we think Disestablishment is right or nationalization of land is right; but the question is whether the majority of the country wish it to be so; and if they do we will offer no opposition." In other words, we will facilitate the progress of measures which in our consciences we believe to be injurious, which we personally oppose, but which, nevertheless, must pass because the people will it. This, Mr. SMITH thinks, is a "new doctrine"—as, in comparison with the age of our political system, of course it is—and he adds that it is a very evil doctrine that "a politician, being placed in a post of leadership, abdicates his position of leader, and follows where he ought to guide." Moreover, he goes on, in his resolute antiquarianism, to recall the fact that "in old times," in the House of Commons and in this country, if a man could not personally stay a current which he believed to be wrong, "he did not place himself at the head of it, and lead on to the attainment of the object which he thought wrong," but stood aside, and allowed those who believed in the wisdom of the policy to be the instruments for giving effect to it. And Mr. SMITH sums up the matter in the daring declaration that he does not believe it to be right for a statesman "to accommodate his principles and his views to those of the multitude whom he believes to be wrong." It is all very well for the smaller satirists of the Radical party to sneer at these observations as commonplace; but, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind; nor are they ever treated as such, except in the most purely theoretical fashion, by Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers. They represent the maxims of a school of political morality from which these politicians have ostentatiously cut themselves off. So far from enunciating a moral obligation which everybody recognizes—the proper definition of an ethical commonplace—they enunciate one which has ceased to be regarded as binding in action by a full half of our public men, and which many of them do not hesitate to disavow in words. So far from Mr. SMITH'S propositions being truisms, they have become paradoxes; and when that happens to a doctrine of the most elementary morality, it is surely a little awkward.

LORD ROSEBERY AND MR. HAGGIS.

THE result of the sitting which has preserved to the London County Council the services of the first of the above-named officers, and acquired for them those of the second, must be regarded as highly satisfactory on the former score, and fairly so on the latter. There seems reasonable ground to expect that the new Deputy Chairman will prove a capable administrator, and his appointment has, therefore, a claim to positive approval. In the next place, it is negatively welcome for the reason that it is the appointment of Mr. HAGGIS, and not that of one of certain other persons whose names might be mentioned. The substantial vote cast for Mr. FARDELL, and the not inconsiderable support claimed by Mr. ECCLESTON GIBB, are incidents pointing the same way as the selection of Mr. HAGGIS by his party. That is to say, the favour shown to two Moderates, and the adoption of a "working" instead of a talking Progressive, afford pretty clear indications that the power of the party who were evidently proposing some time back to "boss the whole show" is by no means so commanding as they had fondly imagined. We may take it as certain that they have had a lesson, and that the experience of their own private deliberations—some slightly impassioned echoes from which were audible in Mr. DAVIES'S attack on the proposer of Mr. ECCLESTON GIBB—has sufficed to convince them that they are not quite the united little party of revolutionaries that they had hoped.

Lord ROSEBERY'S re-election—or rather his assent to it, which was the only point ever in doubt—will, of course, meet with but one reception everywhere. The public are fully alive to the excellence of the qualities which he has exhibited during his year of office; while, as to the Council themselves, they have to thank their Chairman for the fact that the attitude of their more moderate and judicious fellow-citizens towards them

is still only one of suspended judgment leaning somewhat to the unfavourable side, and not one of absolute condemnation. And he has saved their reputation to this extent, not by virtue of any political prepossessions—for Lord ROSEBERY is at least as progressive in his principles as the majority could wish—but simply by the exercise of those personal faculties and aptitudes in which the Progressive is too often, and, in proportion to his progressiveness, so sadly to seek. Not once, but many times, has the Chairman of the County Council shown that he regards that assembly as a body appointed to perform functions of a strictly municipal kind, and that he has no notion of allowing it to be converted into a "Two Hundred" for the propagation of Radical opinions and the promotion of Radical interests in a set of too Conservative Parliamentary constituencies. His reply of thanks to the Council for electing him was conceived in his usual graceful and felicitous manner, and the little side hit at the Local Government Board may well be overlooked. It is excusable enough, on the part of the Chairman of what is certainly an important body, to magnify its importance somewhat on an occasion like this, and personally perhaps he may feel a slight soreness at his failure to induce the Government to apply exceptional legislative treatment to the London Council. But, after all, that body does not consist wholly of Lord ROSEBERIES; it has got to make good its claim to the confidence, or even to the respect, of the majority of its educated fellow-citizens; and in the meantime it is difficult to advance any really sound reason for treating it otherwise than its fellows throughout the country. Under Lord ROSEBERY'S continued guidance it may quite possibly develop a claim to such special treatment; but it has certainly not done so yet.

WARM BEER.

MAGO, the Carthaginian, according to Athenæus, passed thrice through the African desert without drinking; and Diocles of Peparethus, if we may credit the statement of Demetrius the Scepsian, drank cold water to his dying day—*μέχρι τέλους*. Such heroic examples are fitter to excite astonishment than to provoke imitation. Lasyrtas the Lasionian never felt the need of drink, though in all other respects he was like his fellow-men. Out of curiosity, some friends watched him for thirty days in a hot summer, and not once did they detect him in the act of drinking. At the end of the thirty days their curiosity subsided, and they returned to their ordinary occupations. Lasyrtas did sometimes take drink, but on these rare occasions he was guided by choice, not compelled by necessity. It does not follow that, because we are unable to emulate the abstemiousness of Lasyrtas, we should take for our model the Athenian Diotimus, who had drink poured unceasingly down his throat through a funnel. Drink we must, upon a just necessity; but it behoves us to be circumspect. Sir Thomas Browne, in *Vulgar Errors*, did not hesitate to attack the popular belief that it is good to be drunk once a month—"a common flattery of sensuality, supporting itself upon physick and the healthful effects of inebriation." Avicenna, indeed, countenanced the popular view; but Averroes was for restraining "ebriety unto hilarity, and in effect making no more thereof than Seneca commendeth and was allowable in Cato; that is, a sober incalescence and regulated æstuation from wine." Mnesitheus, the Athenian physician, in his letter *On Tippling* (*περί καθονισμοῦ*) speaks somewhat hesitatingly. He condemns those who make it their constant practice to drink inordinate quantities of unmixed wine at banquets; but he seems to be of opinion that occasional indulgence in hard drinking relieves both body and mind—*ποιεῖ τινα καὶ τοῦ σώματος καθαρίσιν καὶ τῆς ψυχῆς ἄνοιαν*.

We do not propose to enter upon a delicate discussion as to where sobriety ends and inebriety begins. Far less is it our intention to attempt to enumerate the various liquors concocted in past or present times by the ingenuity of man. It is not to be doubted that our national drink now, as in the past, is beer. "Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale," sang the old lyricist; and the same cry rises from countless throats to-day. Few, however, would desire to have their ale brought in hot. Of course, we admit that dog's-nose, egg-hot, ruddle, and the like are agreeable stimulants on a frosty night to drive the cold winter away; but for ordinary workaday purposes, whether in winter or summer, cold beer is the accepted drink. We should have been slow to believe that the drinking of cold beer could be considered hurtful if we had not lighted on an ingenious little treatise published at Cambridge in 1641:—*Warne Beere; or, a Treatise wherein is declared by many reasons that Beere so qualified is farre more wholesome than that which is drunke cold. With a confutation of such objections that are made against it: published for the preservation of health.* The writer, who modestly conceals his name, pleads his cause with enthusiasm, but candidly states in the preface that he has

no great hope of working a general reform. He reminds us that the long continuance of errors makes men blind and deaf, "be the truth never so apparent, not unlike the owl as Aristotle saith, whose sight the sunbeams dull." But he is confident that the discerning few will take his words to heart and be duly grateful. "I write nothing here," he solemnly concludes, "which I hold not for the truth, and have made long experience of both by myself and divers of my friends. I have therefore published it in our native tongue, respecting a generall good, referring the commendations of the thing to the proof, and us all to the Almighty. Amen." After the author's preface follows an address to the reader by the publisher, who had printed the treatise not for the sake of gain, but from a desire to benefit the community. The publisher, when he drank his beer cold, used to be troubled with stomach-ache, tooth-ache, cough, cold, and many rheumatic complaints; but since he had taken to drinking beer (small or strong) "actually hot as blood," he had continued in good health. When he heard that a worthy gentleman had written a book in commendation of warm beer he begged to be allowed to examine the MS. Finding that the author's arguments squared with his own observations, he was strengthened in his judgment and confirmed in his custom. He showed the treatise to various friends, and recounted to them the history of his own experiences. They begged him to publish the work, and to explain in print the benefits that he had received in his own person from the use of warm beer. One of these benefits was that, since he had taken his beer warm, he had not known thirst. "Let the weather be never so hot," he declares, "and my work great, yet have I not felt thirst as formerly. Nay, although I have eaten fish or flesh never so salt, which ordinarily do cause thirst and driness, yet I have been freed from it by the use of hot beer." He admits that a draught of cool ale is pleasant to a thirsty man; but warns us that pleasant things are for the most part dangerous. For consumptive patients warm beer is invaluable. He had known some who were so far gone in consumption that they seemed to have but a bare week to live, and were unable to walk about the room without panting and blowing. They drank any quantity of hot wine, but thereby merely succeeded in heating their livers. When they were induced to discard hot wine, and try hot beer, the improvement in their condition was marvellous. Within a month they were able to walk about their garden with ease; within two months they could walk four miles; and in three months' time they were as well as ever they had been in their lives.

The treatise is divided into six chapters. In the first chapter the author has some general remarks on the use and necessity of drink. He proceeds in the next chapter to argue that thirst can be quenched as easily by hot drink as by cold. The third chapter is an examination of the arguments put forward in favour of cold drink; the fourth proclaims the "hurt that ariseth from actual cold drink"; and the fifth dwells upon the benefits that result from the practice of drinking warm beer. In the sixth chapter the author adduces various authorities to prove that the ancients appreciated the virtues of hot drinks. Many are the objections brought against cold beer, but the general argument may be briefly stated—"Drink taken cold into the Stomach indamageth our Life." The lungs are affected by cold drink; "squinary" (quinsey) is produced; or we lose our sense of hearing. At Marfield (near where the author dwelt), in Sussex, one day a hammerman came in hot and fell to drinking cold beer. He went mad in consequence and died not long after.

We have not yet had the courage to try a course of warm beer. But let it be remembered that Macklin the actor, who lived to a prodigious age, drank daily for thirty years a pint of hot stout at the Antelope in White Hart Yard, Covent Garden. He declared that it balmied his stomach and removed inward pains.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH UNDER HENRY VIII.

UNDER this heading Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century* of this month answers some criticisms made on his article on "The Elizabethan Settlement of Religion," which appeared in the same magazine in July last year. The position which he then undertook to maintain was, briefly, that the legal basis of the Elizabethan settlement was laid by the Church itself, and that the changes which freed it from foreign control were not made without, or against, it, but by the synodical action of the clergy, led by the bishops, among whom we are to reckon Warham, Tunstal, and Fisher; and that, this being so, the juridical position of the Church, and its doctrines and practices, are not to be rejected as the mere creations of the Civil power, but must be judged according to their inherent value. For the Church never rescinded its own acts in these matters; the basis which it laid in the reign of Henry VIII. remained unchanged as far as ecclesiastical legislation was concerned, and was ready to the hands of those who built upon it in the reign of Elizabeth. The questions involved in these propositions were argued in Mr. Gladstone's original article, and are supported in the article before us with considerable skill. We rejoice to find him again engaged in an historical defence of the relations between Church and State, and in a vindication of the identity of the Church of England of the present day with the Church founded by St. Augustine, which spread first over the kingdoms of the Heptarchy, and, long

before the final conquest of the country, over Wales. While he does not seem to us to have established any fact which ought to be "matter of surprise to most readers" who are acquainted with his subject, he has stated both his facts and his conclusions in a somewhat novel and decidedly striking manner. Indeed we think that his endeavours to put the purely legal side of the ecclesiastical changes of Henry's reign in as strong a light as possible make it not unlikely that his articles may mislead uninstructed readers as to the position of the clergy during the years 1529 to 1535. Before entering on this, however, it will be convenient to consider one of the minor points—a sufficiently serious one in itself, as he allows—in dispute between him and his critics.

In his first article he asserted that Bishop Fisher took the oath of Succession of 1534, in common with the rest of the bishops. This "surprising statement" was strenuously denied by the Rev. J. Morris, S.J., in the *Dublin Review* of October of last year, and a large part of Mr. Gladstone's present article is devoted to a reply to Mr. Morris's denial. He quotes a passage from Sander's *De Origine et Processu Schismatis Anglicani*, edition 1586, which says that Fisher persuaded some of his fellow-prelates to take the oath, and argues that it may therefore reasonably be concluded that Fisher took it himself, though he afterwards suffered death for refusing it. Mr. Gladstone remarks that this passage, and indeed twelve consecutive pages of the original, are left out in Mr. Lewis's translation of the *De Origine*. In a short note, however, in the *Tablet* of Saturday last, it was pointed out that the first edition of the *De Origine* was published in 1585, that it does not contain the passage in question, and that Mr. Lewis had done exactly what he professed to do—namely, translate this edition. Sander wrote his book mostly in Spain, and died in Ireland in 1581, before it was published. Rishton was persuaded by Dr. Skanher, of Cologne, to edit Sander's papers, on the ground that if they were not edited by an Englishman errors would no doubt be made. He brought out the book at Cologne in 1585, with the following notice, which we quote from the Preface:—"Loca nonnulla quæ scribarum vitio depravata vel authoris festinatione minus explicata fuerant, correxi. Quædam etiam quæ longioribus disputationibus implicata videbantur, ut historię series melius teneretur, amovi, plurima quæ deerant, maxime vero post mortem D. Sanderi, adjunxi." Rishton died before the end of 1585. Another edition, from which Mr. Gladstone takes his quotation, was published at Rome in 1586, and another at Ingoldstadt in 1587. In both these occur large additions, among which is the passage in dispute, and several omissions. Other editions, with more matter added, appeared in 1610 and 1628. Of these various versions Le Grand says:—"Ces nouvelles éditions sont si différentes de la première qu'on peut dire que c'est un nouvel ouvrage" (*Histoire du Divorce*, t. ii., p. 6, 1688), and a careful comparison of the second edition with Rishton's book enables us to confirm his statement. Bayle says that the later editions contain matters which Rishton cut out of Sander's book. For this, however, he gives no authority, and he is not an author whom we are inclined to follow implicitly. Rishton, as we have seen, only speaks of cutting out disputations and correcting obvious errors. Sander's papers are, we believe, still in existence at Rome, and their publication under competent editorship is much to be wished. For the present it is impossible, without good corroborative evidence, to attach any weight to the additions made to Rishton's edition. At first sight it may seem strange that a story to the martyred bishop's discredit should have been inserted in a book published at Rome; but it is obvious that it was founded on a confusion between Fisher's conduct with regard to the Recognition in 1531 and the oath of 1534. We may note by the way that, though we allow that Hall, who wrote his still unpublished *Life of Fisher* in the reign of Queen Mary, may have dressed up the speech on the Recognition which he attributes to the Bishop, we cannot accept Mr. Gladstone's airy condemnation of his account of Fisher's part in the debate. It should also be observed that the Roman story puts Fisher's repentance so prominently forward that it tends to heighten the reader's reverence for a man who, having fallen through another's deceit, repented so deeply and made such full amends. Mr. Gladstone's ingenious theory that Fisher, though he had previously taken the oath, refused it, for the first time, on May 1st, in consequence of having heard the news of the Pope's final sentence, which arrived in England on April 12, must, we think, be rejected. Fisher refused the oath at Lambeth on April 13, and all that we know of his life at that period makes it highly improbable that he should have taken it between that date and the previous March 23rd, when the oath became obligatory. Unless Mr. Gladstone has better authority for his statement than his edition of the *De Origine*, we must decline to accept it; Fisher needed no Papal guidance to teach him that to a man who thought as he did the oath was sinful.

Mr. Gladstone successfully disposes of the plea that the Recognition of the King's Supremacy by Convocation was an insignificant act which called for no repeal. Convocation did not treat the matter as insignificant; and it is a remarkable fact that, though all the important ecclesiastical statutes of the reign of Henry VIII. were repealed by Parliament in the reign of Philip and Mary, Convocation did not retract the Recognition of 1531 or the denial of the Pope's right to jurisdiction in 1534. Yet we must not suppose that the bulk of the clergy was content with the Royal Supremacy, for the petition of the Lower House of Convocation in the first year of Queen Mary, and the articles which

it sent to the Upper House in the first Convocation of Elizabeth's reign, are alone sufficient to prove the contrary. On the question of how far the validity of the Recognition is affected by the pressure brought to bear upon the clergy, Mr. Gladstone justly remarks that coercion must not be put forward as an argument against the legal validity of the action of a large body. Yet, while we concur in his doctrine, we think that he makes too light of the compulsion to which the clergy were subjected. They had already, in 1529, had proof of the strong anti-clerical feeling of the Parliament, and knew that they had nothing to hope for on that side. Moreover, they knew that the King, who showed evidence of a good deal more than "pertinacity" throughout the whole business, was prepared to spite the Church if he was not gratified; for, to quote from Bishop Stubbs, he "threatened intrigue with the German Protestants, or the restraint of mortmain, or the appointment of a council of heresy, which would take that question out of the hands of Convocation, and other things which, vague threats at first, became realities of oppression as soon as they were familiarized to his mind." Above all, they were involved in the tremendous penalties of *Præmunire*, and they were compelled to purchase pardon by such concessions as would be accepted, for they had to deal with a King whose wrath was as the messengers of death. Nor must we forget that the Submission of 1532 was in like manner by no means a purely voluntary act. The unwillingness of the clergy to recognize the Supremacy proceeded, Mr. Gladstone contends, from anxiety to preserve the liberties of the Church, and not from any regard for the Papal jurisdiction. In this we think that he is undoubtedly right. The Church of England was never strongly Papal, and the great Churchmen of the reign certainly did not regard Rome with much reverence. Tunstall's protest does not contain a word about the Papal claims; it expresses somewhat indirectly a feeling that the new titles implied a tendency to trespass on the domain of the spirituality; and Gardiner's *De Vera Obedientia*, Fox's *De Vera Differentia*, Sampson's *Oration*, and other works, indicate the opinion of a large part of the leading clergy with regard to Papal interference. It should, however, be remembered that neither in 1531 nor in 1534 could the clergy have supposed that the King intended to put a complete stop to the exercise of Papal jurisdiction within his kingdom in spiritual things. Henry put forward his demands as an assertion of the ancient rights of the Crown, and not as claiming some new prerogatives; and the clergy, in recognizing his new titles, did not, we may be sure, see the full consequences of their act. Yet they struggled hard to avoid the Recognition, and finally only granted it with an important qualification. They acknowledged the King as "Ecclesiæ et cleri Anglicani singularis protector, unicus et supremus dominus, et, quantum per legem Christi licet, etiam supremum caput." Mr. Gladstone objects to Mr. Morris's contention that the second title, "dominus," refers to feudal lordship, and, on the strength of some expressions in the protest of Tunstall and Henry's letter in answer to it, seems to extend the meaning to imply dominion in things spiritual. Here we think that he is clearly wrong. The phrase "supremus dominus" belongs to feudal terminology, though it must not, of course, be taken as an assertion that the Church was a tenant-in-chief; for that would be nonsense. It should, we contend, be taken with the first phrase, and they would then signify together the duty and the rights of the Crown as regards the Church in things temporal. Mr. Morris's idea that the title of "Protector" of a local and national Church is synonymous with that of "Defender of the [Catholic] Faith" is not worth refutation. The lordship of the King over the Church in things temporal needed no qualification. With regard to the title "Supremum caput," which we take as referring to spiritual things and persons, the case was different, for the Crown had generally forborne from interfering in spiritual matters proper, and the clergy, jealous for the liberties of the Church, and in some cases, no doubt, unwilling to seem to act contrary to the Pope, insisted, in spite of their fear of the King, on a saving clause. Short as Mr. Gladstone's two articles are, they touch on so many points of interest and dispute that we cannot pretend to criticize them fully in the space at our disposal. While we believe that they contain some mistakes—one of a rather serious kind in the first article is acknowledged in the article before us—and think that they scarcely represent fairly the position of the clergy with regard to the changes which they were forced to make part of the law of the Church, they seem to us to establish the writer's main propositions, and to exhibit with singular clearness and felicity the ecclesiastical legality of the basis of the "Elizabethan settlement of religion."

THE PRIME MINISTER ON ELECTRICITY.

A SPECIAL interest is always attached to the utterances and writings of eminent statesmen on subjects not directly connected with their public duties. We know beforehand the general relations which the working of their minds has to the problems of current politics. We can guess whither the drift of any speeches they may make will tend. We can anticipate their sharpness or their dreariness, their liveliness or their stupidity. We have previously measured their long-windedness, and meted out their dulness. Their truthfulness, or the reverse, is already weighed in the balance of our anticipations. But when a statesman departs from the beaten track of making or contradicting political statements,

he opens, as it were, a window into the ark of his mind, and we all struggle to raise our eyes to the porthole, and to get a glimpse of the machinery within. We are lucky when the interior is illuminated by electricity. For, although we have had, from our youth upwards, quite the average amount of admiration for Homer and his works, and although we have diligently peered into every chink that has ever been opened to us in Mr. Gladstone's mental ark, we never were able to see anything very clearly. The engines always seemed to be very compound, and the steering-gear erratic. But these strange phenomena may have been illusions, owing to the fact that every porthole was fitted with a perpetually revolving kaleidoscope in automatic connexion with the rudder.

Lord Salisbury has not often come forward in the character of a man of speculative mind. His excursions into the electrical future of the world will, therefore, interest us the more. And it is characteristic of his eminently practical mind that, in doing so, he dwelt on a development of electrical science which is at first sight excessively unsensational—the subdivision of energy, and its transmission over moderate spaces. But, while Mr. Gladstone was suggesting a philanthropic scheme of legislation, by which an allotment garden was to be brought to every cottage door, ignoring as usual the main practical difficulty in the way of its realization, that cottages are usually in streets and streets usually in towns, the Prime Minister was pointing out that the subdivision and transmission of electrical energy might, in the future, benefit the artisan more than all the philanthropic legislation in the world. What he claims is, that it may enable the artisan, his wife, and his children to carry on in their own homes many of the industries which are now carried on in factories; and so enable them to "sustain that unity, that integrity of the family, upon which rest the moral hopes of our race and the strength of the community to which we belong." But the picture of the altered life is not only morally hopeful, it is æsthetically hopeful; although this is the very last aspect of the question which is likely to have weight with him. And it would be a queer nemesis if the art-socialistic school were forestalled in most of their highest aims, not by legislation, but by a series of scientific inventions suggested by a Tory Prime Minister.

It may be worth while to fill in the outlines of the hopeful picture with a little detail. In the first place, it is evident, and the language of the prophecy has taken this into account, that there are many industries to which subdivision of energy is inapplicable. In all cases, for instance, where the object to be laboured on is not portable, as in the case of a ship, or an iron girder, or a carpet, the labour must come to the mountain, and not the mountain to the labour. And this applies to all cases where the object laboured on has to undergo a rapid succession of processes, as in the case of the manufacture of paper or chemicals. But, apart from these industries, there are many others in which the workmen and women only congregate together because the energy which they use cannot at present be obtained in their own dwellings. Turnery, cabinet-making, instrument-manufacture, cutlery, book-binding, pottery, are all, to some extent, instances in point. There will, therefore, be a very large number to benefit by the change when it comes.

The practicability of the scheme is also well worth considering. It is, of course, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Lord Salisbury is not a man to suggest the possibility of an industrial change on a large scale founded on charity. But, besides being an enemy to all attempts to interfere with the natural working of economic laws, he is an electrician. And when we use this word, we do not merely mean to imply that he is a man who has read one or two popular text-books on electricity, and bought some nicely polished machines, which will give pleasant shocks to his friends, but one who has published the results of original research to the satisfaction of his scientific brethren, and who has also carried out in his own person (when out of office) the duties of an electrical engineer. He can, therefore, speak on this subject with an authority very different from that of the Hawarden lecturer on jam, who has, we venture to say, wielded the axe more often than the spade, and who has not, to the best of our knowledge, passed an apprenticeship in the still-room. His opinion, therefore, that the present condition of electrical science foreshadows such an industrial change should be accepted as being of great weight, especially as it met with acquiescence in the assembly of experts which he was addressing. The economic elements of the question seem to favour his view at no distant date. Let us glance at some of the changes which will be produced in the industries to which the new state of things will apply.

At present a large part of the capital sunk in any manufacture where labour is congregated in considerable quantities has been spent in the erection of buildings and machinery. Under the contemplated system the buildings required will be few or none. The machinery, as far as the original sources of energy are concerned, will be the property of the local electrical supply Company, who will sell so much energy to each artisan direct. This supply of energy, conveyed in the form of electricity by underground mains, will be measured at its entrance to each workman's rooms by an electrical meter. This portion of capital, therefore, which is now supplied by the firm, will in the future be supplied by the electrical lighting Company—a transference on no small scale. Whether the cost of the motors and other machinery necessary for the conversion of electrical into mechanical energy in each dwelling will be ultimately borne by

the employer or the artisan remains to be seen. At present the supply of energy, and not its conversion, is the important point. Even with the most perfect systems of transmission and subdivision that can be looked forward to, there is likely to be a greater loss of energy between the source and the points of expenditure than is the case in a compact factory at present. On the other hand, there are some economies. The electrical source of energy is, by hypothesis, large enough to supply the wants of a manufacturing district. Unlike centralization in national government, centralization in boilers and engines is in itself economical. Unused electrical energy has also a pleasant way of getting stored up, and also of putting out (like a horse) extra strength when required. And, finally, we shall probably be enabled to use the forces of rivers and tides at a cheaper rate than the force due to the combustion of coal.

Such details as these, and no doubt many others, were in Lord Salisbury's mind when he made his general prophecy. But his remarks on the past effects of electricity (and, indeed, other forces brought under control by men of science) were no less interesting. And in these he was supported by experts who have special knowledge both of the civil and military results of its application to their own experiences.

THE COURT BUREAU.

EVERY new departure in sound philanthropy, every intelligent application of the co-operative principle which may tend to improve the condition and brighten the lives of the working classes, has our sympathy. But there has really been such a plethora of well-meaning schemes in this direction, most of which are still waiting for execution and practical test, that it is a positive relief to have before us a project intended for the benefit of other classes. There are in this wealthy country of ours hosts of people who, though enjoying the possession of plenty of worldly goods, find their lives sorely harassed by innumerable small cares, daily worries, tedious formalities, and the drudgeries of society. It is, therefore, not surprising that a scheme should have been formulated with the view to minimize exertion, prevent disappointments, avoid vexations, and save time. It should be an advantage to society in general, if such of its members whose positions, fortune, talents, and learning render them influential factors in our national life, could be liberated from some of the many dry, uncongenial, and purely business tasks that encroach so seriously upon time and energies which could be so much better employed. The more intense life becomes the briefer it appears; and we can ill afford to waste even a particle of it.

The scheme before us is the "Court Bureau," which, according to the preliminary prospectus, is to be a Fashionable Registry, Information, and Daily Agency. If the Court Bureau be intelligently established and ably administered, it will, no doubt, meet a number of keenly-felt wants. If it shows itself worthy of the powerful support which it has already secured, it may constitute the starting-point of an entirely new departure, pregnant with many developments in various directions. The Bureau is intended to function as a kind of self-acting Directory. It will not only supply information as to the whereabouts of its members, but will actually transmit letters and give every facility for correspondence. In the case of invitations, visiting-cards, and formal communications, such will be printed, addressed, forwarded, and received by the Bureau. Though every member will be able to supply all the members, and the public in general, with his address, whatever his whereabouts may be, he can enter upon correspondence with everybody without revealing his movements, or his abode, to any except the Bureau, if he so choose. In the tiresome task of house-hunting, of selecting chambers, apartments, and hotels, the Court Bureau may render very appreciable services. The telephone will, of course, be utilized to the fullest extent, and connect the Bureau with theatres, concert-halls, railway-stations, restaurants, livery-stables, &c. The prompt supply of unobjectionable vehicles at moderate and fixed rates will be welcomed by many whose nerves are not equal to the tirades of unreasonable cabbies.

The promoters of the Court Bureau, perhaps wisely, refrain from giving the programme of the future developments of which their undertaking is obviously capable; but it is easy to surmise that, once a centre is furnished in which all the wealth, rank, and talent of Britishers, at home and abroad, can be focussed with the view to gain ease, comfort, information, and amusement, the foundations of far-reaching possibilities are laid. Of this the promoters seem well aware. But all will depend on management; and we have no doubt this will prove worthy of the importance and wide scope of the scheme. There are many directions in which the Court Bureau might render service to society. It might facilitate the subscriptions to newspapers, periodicals, and engravings; assist in embellishing our homes with art-treasures and objects of applied art under the guarantee of genuineness; protect us against modern adulterations and impostures; supply information on such subjects as interest the educated classes more especially; gratify the modern desire for wider intercourse and a less retiring life; bring wealth and talent into more close relation; extend the influence of literature and art over society; elevate and enliven our social amusements; contribute the elements of English home-life to our fellow-countrymen abroad; and weld British

society in all parts of the world into one harmonious whole. The leaders of the new movement, if they choose, have thus a wide scope before them, and, as support is not likely to fail them, they have a rare opportunity of trying their hand at one of the most interesting experiments of modern times—an experiment which we shall follow with the greatest interest.

ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

IF the Art Congress at Edinburgh accomplished no other useful work, the result of the discussions on city architecture may prove beneficial. The subject is one in which a majority of civilized beings are, or ought to be, interested. More Englishmen live in great cities than in the country. Architectural effects in the country only matter much to perhaps a single family in one place. Architectural effects in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other cities matter a great deal to millions. Mr. Statham, whose sensible paper, read on the Wednesday of the meeting, seems to have started the subject, says of Hyde Park Corner that "an irrepressible and mischievous Commissioner of Works" has had the arch at the head of Constitution Hill rebuilt so as to stand on the side of a slope and to cut into the middle of an irregular curve, and to face nothing in particular. The space in front he calls "the very centre of the social circulating system of London," and quotes the old story of the foreigner who addressed a letter to Apsley House as "No. 1, London." This conspicuous place is cut up into meaningless "leg-of-mutton-shaped spaces between intersecting roadways." Of course, the present state of things cannot last for ever—cannot last very long, we may venture to hope. The arch must come back to the summit of the slope, and perhaps span one of the "intersecting roadways," at the same time standing square with Apsley House, and the successor, whatever it may be, of St. George's Hospital. Sir Joseph Boehm's statue is not so superior to Wyatt's that any of us would regret its elevation with its attendant soldiers to a more dignified and appropriate situation on the top of the arch, while the entrance to the Green Park might well be marked by the completion of Burton's scheme and the erection of another screen, for which he left an elaborate design, like that which we must all admire at the entrance of Hyde Park. Mr. Statham was followed by Mr. Blashill, the architect of the London County Council, who plaintively bewailed his inability to secure the services of good architects. We do not expect much from the present Council, and, probably, the less we expect the better; but at some future time there may be fuller power to restrain the builders of some of the monstrosities now rising into sight. Unfortunately the most important and conspicuous places are already filled. Mr. Blashill speaks of sending back one design four times for amendment. He had no power to reject it altogether; and surely he puts the case too mildly when he says that a friend of his feigns sickness at the sight of the building. There is a theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, rapidly approaching completion, which is enough, if not to make a student of architecture sick, at least to render him so sad and so indignant at the disfigurement of a conspicuous situation that absolute physical nausea would be only one step further. But, in truth, Shaftesbury Avenue, from Regent's Circus with its awful lamp-posts onwards, is a museum of every anomaly and abomination of which the rampant builder is capable. It would be libelling the contemporary architectural school to assume that as many as one in ten of the new buildings had the advantage of professional supervision; but, unfortunately, it is to those exceptions that our remarks must chiefly apply. It is the same in the two other new streets of most importance which have been laid out and built in our time. There are, perhaps, two inoffensive new houses, or blocks, in Victoria Street, Westminster; there is not one, if we except a Post Office, whose features are only rows of plain windows, in Queen Victoria Street. We have only to think of the *Times* office, of the elephantine building of the Bible Society, and of the mock Italian Gothic shops at the Mansion House extremity of the street, and all these and others are in the same row with St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, St. Mary Aldermary, and the Herald's College; to say nothing of one of Wren's masterpieces, the spire of St. Antholin, which was pulled down to make way for some of these fearful artistic abortions. We used to be told that Northumberland Avenue was to be a street of palaces, to exceed in beauty and stately dignity the Via Nuova at Genoa or our own Pall Mall. Look at it now. There is not a single redeeming architectural feature in the whole street of gigantic stone fronts. But London is not alone in these complaints. Manchester has suffered terribly, and the public buildings in most of the great manufacturing towns are equally bad. Liverpool, with St. George's Hall, and the Library and Museum near it, has some good effects; but many provincial buildings have a defect, which is even more conspicuous in London—namely, the addition to a poor design of still poorer sculpture by way of ornament. The modern architect about to erect a building of polished granite—there are several such buildings in the City—cares nothing about proportion. He is under the impression—a most mistaken one—that so costly a material must of necessity produce beauty. It is the same with ornament. Every one must agree with Mr. J. D. Sedding, who, in a paper read at the end of the Edinburgh Congress, said that "the

highest excellence in architecture could be attained in a building alone, apart from sculptural embellishment."

The truth of Mr. Sedding's postulate is illustrated by the present state of such a building as the Parthenon at Athens. Can any one deny that it is beautiful, although the sculpture belonging to it is thousands of miles away in the British Museum, and though it never had carved capitals or bosses of polished granite? Good sculpture will set off a good building; but good sculpture on a bad building is, to use a forcible Scripture, "a jewel in a swine's snout." Unfortunately for us, the ornamental sculpture of the present day is too often worthy of the design it is expected to redeem. In some cases the sculpture is bad, while the building is good. A conspicuous example is afforded by St. George's Hall at Liverpool, where the equestrian statues and some other "embellishments" are a detraction from the beauty of the principal front. The sculptors at Edinburgh seem to have thought that good carving was even more important in a building than a good design; but this idea might have been refuted in two words by a mere mention of the "Albert Memorial." If there is any good sculpture in London, it is here; yet it cannot make the cross beautiful, or even tolerable. On the contrary, it seems rather to accentuate the shortcomings of the architect. The tendency of the teaching of the past few years has been to exalt detail at the expense of proportion. Some strong language was used at the Congress as to the influence of such writers as Mr. Ruskin on contemporary taste, and one gentleman was so bold as to pronounce that eminent professor "a drag on English art." Without going nearly so far as this, we may at least be permitted to inquire if any one ever learnt anything about design in architecture from reading such a book as *The Stones of Venice*? But Mr. Hole would not have been wrong in condemning the whole course of modern architectural study, and especially that branch of it which relates to Gothic detail. While nothing can exceed the beauty of a genuine Gothic building, it is not by studying mouldings and applying microscopic eyesight to carved capitals that a young architect will learn to emulate the proportions of Salisbury Cathedral or of the Sainte Chapelle. So, too, in what is erroneously called the classical style, no piling up of marble pillars, or the most lavish display of vases, can cover an ignorance of the relation of the height to the diameter of a Corinthian column. Yet this ignorance is everywhere to be seen in our great cities. One of the most beautiful buildings in London was Burlington House, and it was remarkable for its plainness and the absence of sculptural decoration. If we go to look at it now, we can with some difficulty pick out a fragment of the old design, and can contrast it with the new additions, in which the most elaborate and profuse carving is used. The absolute poverty of the design is not in any way masked or condoned by the sculpture, which covers almost every part of the street front. To design like Lord Burlington implied taste, but not taste only. It implied also knowledge and study. In the address of the President of the Institute of Architects on Monday, for example, there was nothing about building as a fine art, if we except a reference to the Eiffel Tower. There was a good deal about registration and examination, and so on, but never a word about design, or proportion, or unity, or harmony. These are things upon which few modern architects will spend their time; and why, indeed, should they, while the British public is content with its Shaftesbury Avenues and its Charing Cross Roads, and while the British sculptor is willing to step forward and is confident that a little more carving, a little more polishing and gilding, will conceal every result of ignorance, carelessness, and laziness? It is, indeed, sad to reflect that Regent Street, with the stucco pilasters and pediments of sixty years ago, is still superior to all its new neighbours, with their marble and mosaic music-halls and their "Christian pointed" gin-palaces.

THE FREE BANKING AGITATION.

MR. EGMONT HAKE, Chairman of the Free-trade in Capital League, is an earnest and energetic man, who, having once joined a movement, is resolved that it shall not lag if he can help it. He is holding meetings all over the country to bring to the attention of the people the objects for which the League was formed. And the other day, in Dundee, he expounded its principles very clearly. This is well, for it is only by full discussion that what is true in new ideas can be sifted from what is fallacious. Most persons, we apprehend, will agree with Mr. Hake that the banking legislation of 1844 and 1845 was mistaken. The school of economists whose views were adopted by Sir Robert Peel held that financial crises were the result of the over-issue of banknotes, and they recommended, therefore, that the right of issue should be regulated and restricted. The numerous panics and crises that have since occurred show that this theory was erroneous. The truth, of course, is that inflation is the consequence, not the cause, of speculation, and when speculation is rife, if banking accommodation cannot be obtained in one form, it will certainly be in another. But, though the grounds on which the banking legislation of 1844-5 was based were wrong, the public will not conclude, therefore, that that legislation ought to be repealed or remodelled, unless it can be shown that it injures some great public interest. Mr. Hake recognizes this, and he proceeded at Dundee, as he had previously done on several occasions, to

argue that, in fact, our present banking system is injurious to the community, and more especially to the poorer classes. Sir Robert Peel's legislation restricted the right of issue to the banks then exercising the right, and took away from those banks the power of increasing their issues at pleasure. Against all augmented issues they are now required to hold an equivalent amount of gold. Nobody will dispute, we presume, that it is wrong in principle to give a monopoly of any kind of business to any number of institutions; and, as the object of the legislation of 1844-5 has not been attained, it is clear that, in principle at all events, that legislation stands condemned. But, while this must be freely granted, it remains to be proved that an adequate object is to be gained by repealing the legislation. Mr. Hake endeavours to prove the point by contending that the issuing banks possess a monopoly, and, being restricted in its exercise, are deprived of all inducement to increase the note circulation of the country. Where banks are free to issue notes to any extent which they can keep in circulation they search out the persons who are most in want of accommodation, who are most likely to keep the notes circulating, and who will employ them most profitably. But these persons, he adds, are nearly always poor men of character, industry, and enterprise—men, that is, who have not capital of their own, but yet are qualified to employ capital very remuneratively. A free banking system, then, according to Mr. Hake, stimulates the banks to give accommodation to the classes who are most competent to increase the wealth of the community, whereas our present banking system encourages the banks to neglect the interests of the enterprising poor, and to limit their operations almost entirely to the well-to-do. The well-to-do have an obvious advantage as borrowers over the poor, for they can give better security. Unless, therefore, the banks have some inducement stronger than this superior security for accommodating the poor, they will decline to do so. But, according to Mr. Hake, the result of this is that a very large part of the business ability of the population lies unused; that, consequently, employment is greatly restricted; and that, therefore, the wealth of the world is prevented from growing as rapidly as it ought to do. In short, Mr. Hake's contention is that the world is suffering from under-consumption, and that this is the result of mistaken banking legislation.

We agree fully with Mr. Hake that general over-production is a contradiction in terms, and that the poverty of the world clearly proves under-consumption, or what, perhaps, would be more correctly described as insufficient purchasing power. But we are not prepared to go so far as to say that Free Banking would be a complete remedy. Unfortunately, poverty results, not from one single simple cause, but from a great variety of causes—disease, inherited or accidental; intemperance, laziness, thriftlessness, and ignorance. There are men even in the most civilized countries who will not work regularly, however advantageous the terms may be on which employment is offered to them; there are others who are incapable of working; and there are others, again, who, though they work hard enough, yet muddle away the proceeds of their labour. If every bank in England were given to-morrow the right of unlimited issue, and were to begin eagerly forcing notes into circulation, does anybody suppose that that would reform the drunkard or the criminal? Perhaps ignorance is even a more fruitful source of poverty and wasted production; and by ignorance we do not mean only lack of culture, or even of book-learning, but want of adequate information respecting the businesses in which men are engaged. Capital flows into a certain trade, year after year production is increased vastly, and for a while large profits are made. But gradually the supply exceeds the demand, stocks accumulate, and, after a while, depression takes the place of prosperity; works are closed, workmen are thrown out of employment, and there is widespread suffering. Mr. Hake will reply, no doubt, that this is an instance of under-consumption, and, in a sense, it unquestionably is. But the initial mistake was that capitalists, seeing a given trade prospering unusually, were unable to calculate how far the production might be increased without exceeding the demand, and in their ignorance brought on a crisis. If we had full statistics of every trade all over the world, and if those engaged in each particular trade would master the facts relating to their own business, there would not be this glutting of the markets. But what chance is there of getting such statistics, or of ensuring their use by all concerned. Once more, the mistaken views of Governments respecting the national interest contribute very powerfully to the dislocation of trade which occurs every now and then. This country some years ago was able to supply the world with cotton and iron goods, but the great Governments of the Continent and the United States, thinking that it would be beneficial to their subjects to create varied interests at home, adopted a policy of Protection, thereby artificially stimulating the growth of the cotton and iron trades upon the Continent and in America, and unduly increasing the world's production. The capital and labour thus attracted into channels in which they were not wanted were diverted from other industries in which they would have been far more productive, and more advantageous to the world at large, and the result is that the aggregate purchasing power of the world has not grown as it ought to have done. We venture to submit, then, that the present economic condition of the world is the result of a vast variety of causes, some more and some less influential, but all having some effect, and that it is idle to expect any very great change from an alteration in one single cause. But if we might hazard

a personal opinion, we should say that the most important of all causes is ignorance. If any organization existed which would enable every person engaged in production to apply himself to that kind of work which he could do most efficiently, that would improve the world more than anything else.

Still, though we think that Mr. Hake attaches entirely too much importance to the reform he proposes, we are ready to admit that, if it were carried out, it would do some good. Undoubtedly, it is an interference with the liberty of the subject to prevent him from engaging in any kind of business which is open to other subjects of the realm. Whether Mr. Gladstone's view be right or wrong, that note-issuing, like coinage, ought to be the exclusive privilege of the State, at least it is a logical and consistent proposition. But it is not logical to give to certain banks the right of issue, and to refuse it to everybody else. Further, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Hake, that if banks were free to issue notes to an unlimited extent, they would look to the enterprising poor as those most likely to keep the notes in circulation for the longest time. The supporters of the present system would reply, no doubt, that banks ought not to be allowed to issue notes to an unlimited extent without any guarantee that they can cash them on demand. But we fail to see why the State is bound to protect the note-holder more rigorously than it protects the depositor. There is no Act of Parliament in this country requiring banks to hold a reserve sufficient to guarantee the depositors against loss; and why should the State be more careful of the interests of the note-holders than of those of the depositors? The answer used to be that notes were as effective as coin in purchases, that excessive issues inflated the circulation, and, therefore, by stimulating speculation ended by bringing on a financial crisis; but that answer can no longer be given, for we have had crises since Sir Robert Peel's legislation as serious as any before. If banks are to retain the right of issue at all, they ought to be allowed to exercise the right according to their own discretion. But, of course, in that case the note ought not to be legal tender. Everybody should be free to accept or refuse the note as he pleases. A bank under such circumstances would be able to get its notes into circulation only where its credit was good—that is to say, in its own immediate neighbourhood. And, if the people of the neighbourhood were willing to take the notes not only from the banks, but from one another in ordinary buying and selling, we see no reason why the State should step in and forbid them to do so. In all probability if Mr. Hake's proposed reform were carried out the great banks already existing would not change their present business. They would remain the banks of the well-to-do, and many of them probably would not even care to issue notes. But it may be expected that new banks would be established in considerable numbers, and, at first at all events, they would have only a local business. They would start for the purpose of accommodating a class of customers who are not now catered for, and they would depend mainly upon their note issue for conducting their business properly. No doubt it would be a risky kind of business, for the poor enterprising man would not be able to give the readily realizable security which most borrowers under our present system are required to furnish. Therefore it would require very wise and cautious management. If the business were carried on upon a very large scale, it would probably end in a crash, but if it were carried on upon a modest scale—if the managers made advances only to those whom they knew, or to strangers only where persons known to them were willing to become security—then it might do much good. It would enable many poor and deserving men to start in business for themselves, to increase the employment given in the neighbourhood, and possibly to realize handsome fortunes in the long run. This, no doubt, would be a considerable achievement. It is much less than Mr. Egmont Hake expects, but it would be a good deal if it could be realized.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

IT is unfortunate for an exhibition that it should draw attention to what is absent from it, rather than to what is present. Yet this is to some measure the case, we are obliged to confess, with the present show at the Institute of Painters in Oil-colours. This is the seventh time that the stout little boy with inadequate wings, who sports on the cover of the Catalogue of the Institute, has so roguishly offered to draw back the curtain in front of his easel. When we saw that infant first he served to introduce us to a variety of interesting artists, whose first love seems to have cooled. The founder of the Institute was Sir James Linton, whose occasional work in oil we always welcome; but he does not exhibit this year, although he still is President. Other absentees among the leading members of the Society are Messrs. Boughton, Fred Barnard, Charles Green, Herkomer, R. W. Macbeth, Henry Moore, Shannon, J. W. Waterhouse, Caton Woodville, and W. Dendy Sadler. In other words, almost without exception, the leading artists who first gave its cachet to the Institute have, for one reason or another, not been moved this year to give it the benefit of their patronage. This is a matter by no means of indifference, because such a state of things shows, either that the Institute holds its exhibition at a time of year when it is irksome to a leading painter to get his work ready, or else that something in the constitution of the body has lessened the interest which its

founders felt for it. But unless something is done to quicken that interest, the conductors of the Institute must expect a diminution of public attention.

The general level of execution at the present exhibition is, notwithstanding, rather high. The lawlessness of art in England at this moment is, however, in the absence of commanding examples, curiously shown. There is no standard of merit, no uniformity of style; on the contrary, the most opposite schools have their examples hung side by side. Here are stippled purple landscapes in the mode of Samuel Palmer, and here are misty emulations of Corot's latest manner. On one hand figure-painting which would have pleased Augustus Egg, and on the other imitations of Bastien Lepage. The visitor who wishes to amuse himself by accentuating these violent and discordant notes may turn from the following of Manet (382) to the peculiar touch of Mr. Frith (412), from the school of Lepage (286) to Mr. Cooper's sheep (295), from imitation of Mason (486) to imitation of Overbeck (500). The effect is bewildering; and if he desires a final shock, let him study the contrast between the extremely eccentric roughly-sketched head of a little red-nosed girl (754), in the latest French manner, and the highly-finished Academic group in tinted wax (253) which hangs above it. Everything seems to be welcome at the Institute, which has evidently no exclusive pride.

The best figure-piece this year, we are inclined to say, is Mr. F. D. Millet's "The Best Trump" (184)—two men in seventeenth-century dress playing cards in a country kitchen. The pigeon's head, as he bends over the fatal trump, is admirably designed, and all the accessories, which are simple, and not too much crowded, are excellent. The rook, whose back is to the light, has offered difficulties which Mr. Millet has not wholly overcome. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Evening Mist" (429) is a very carefully-modelled, large, nude figure of a girl, with flowing soft red hair, rising slowly out of reeds and vapoury water, as though drawn upwards by an unseen power—that of the setting sun. The care with which this beautiful study is painted demands respect, although the motive is neither particularly happy nor strikingly intelligible. Of several careful Academic-subject pieces we may combine our impressions. Mr. Haynes-Williams's "The Proposal" (253), Mr. John Scott's "What's the Matter?" (33), and Mr. Blair Leighton's "What Shall I Say?" (310) are "powder-pieces" of the kind so characteristic of the English school for the last thirty years; skillfully composed, neatly painted, each engaged in "telling a story," either sentimentally, as in the first instance, or humorously, as in the second, or romantically, as in the third. The only fault to be found with them is that, from any truly artistic point of view, they cannot be said to be painted at all. The cleverest of the three is, without question, No. 253, with its attenuated grace and waxen polish.

Excellent landscapes are not rare at the Institute. The place of honour in the Central Gallery is given to Mr. Frank Walton for his large and highly-finished "Leith Hill" (236), a harmonious effect of autumn foliage. Mr. Wyllie has gone a little out of his usual beat, and reminds us somewhat of an early Cecil Lawson, in his capital river-scene, "The Lull before the Storm" (240). There are several good landscapes on this same wall—Mr. Adrian Stokes's brilliant, but not too brilliant, "Bank whereon the Wild Thyme grows" (219), Mr. Adam Proctor's soft, wet meadow, called "The Upland Fold" (213), and Mr. Van der Weyde's "Pastoral" (247), moonlight mingled with light of sunset in the warm foliage of pollard poplars. In the West Gallery Mr. Robert W. Allan's "Gathering Wild Flowers" (23) is an eminently fresh and breezy study of moorland. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's sheep (45) in snow are too blue in their fleeces for the light around them. Mr. Harry Hine paints a wild sea-effect well in his "Swinge off Alderney" (62). Mr. Fulleylove has achieved a signal success with his great portrait of Hampton Court, "A Royal Palace" (94), the most important work he has hitherto produced. Charming to a very high degree, and as true as it is original, is Mr. Brewtnall's "Under the Silver Moon" (118), a study of light on a calm sea breaking in ripple. The gradations of colour here are singularly subtle, the iron-grey sky, the golden sheen of the horizon, the vitreous green of the sea, the grey of the wave, the reflected blue of the wet sea-sand, all combining to form a harmony of moonlight on the waters. It may be compared with a less entirely successful, but still very clever, rendering of a similar theme in the East Gallery, Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Evening" (458), sunset iridescence on part of the surface of a dark stream closely shaded by overhanging foliage. Mr. Cotman has been very successful in his "The Ferry, Christchurch" (137), broad, simple, and full of warm, glowing light. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Our Ducks" (145), in a similar key of sunset colour, forms a good pendant to it. Mr. Morton's "Hazy Morning, Dieppe" (173), would demand fuller praise if its clever tones were not so uniformly glassy. Mr. Walter Osborne has chosen a beautiful moment—when, in a country town, the red light of evening catches the tops of the houses in a street—for his "Cherry Ripe" (300). Very delicate and complete is Mr. Bright Morris's "The Mill Dam" (314). Neither the "St. Swithin's Summer" (350) of Mr. David Murray or the "Shiplake Hill" (367) of Mr. Alfred Parsons, though each is accomplished, is quite up to the highest level of either of these distinguished painters. Mr. Arthur Hacker's large "My Lady's Garden" (358), which holds a place of honour, is spoiled by its bad, raw colour. Mr. Yeend King's "The Orchard" (526) de-

serves notice, and Mr. Hope McLachlan's "October Storm" (567) comes near being very fine indeed.

Some of the best pictures at the Institute come under none of the categories yet considered. Mr. Reginald Arnold's girl in brown fur (226), and Mr. Percy Bigland's "Miss Catherine Holt" (55), in white satin and white fox, are among the few good three-quarters-length portraits. A brilliant sketch by Mr. James Clark is "Bride of the Bedouin" (246). What has happened to Mr. John Reid, whose manner of painting becomes more and more unruly and eccentric? As far as we can judge, Mr. Reid now paints wholly with the palette-knife, and the result is maddening, so evenly is the very good balanced by the very bad. His harbour-piece (8) has an excellent background, but the waves in the foreground are the very worst we ever saw. Again, in "His Poll was kind and fair" (593) the rich blues are most enjoyable, and the fisherman's head stands out with great solidity, but the painting of the foreground is positively criminal. Will no one present Mr. Reid with a set of brushes? An ideal head of a woman, peering through a mass of dark and shining leaves, is Mr. Henry J. Stock's "Ivy Fantasy" (417). M. Fantin-Latour is an artist for whose powers we have very great respect; but we do not fathom the meaning of his "Songe" (512), a sort of Sir Noel Paton group of fays and fairies floating about over a prostrate dreamer in a forest. We have kept two entirely delightful pictures for the last. Mr. Dollman has done nothing better than his "Content" (549), eight well-groomed donkeys who have strayed into a little wilderness of silvery thistles, and are having "a rattling good time" there. The tones of the buff sand, the pale thistles, and the rich brown of the asses are admirably rendered. Mrs. Adrian Stokes deserves great credit for her "Waiting for Santa Claus" (639), a comfortable infant, which has just been washed, toasting itself in front of the nursery fire, hemmed in by towels. The textures and the reflected lights in this little composition are given with a rare feeling for beauty.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE announcement that Messrs. Novello have this season discontinued their Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall has left the Royal Choral Society practically in undisputed possession of this field of music. On the principle of the survival of the fittest this is, perhaps, as it should be; yet it cannot but be regretted that no regular series of oratorios should be given during the winter in any smaller concert-room than the vast amphitheatre of the Albert Hall, which is but little fitted to works demanding delicacy of detail rather than breadth of outline. This was felt on last Wednesday week, when the Royal Choral Society opened its season by a performance of Berlioz's *Faust*. Although the work has by this time become such a favourite with London audiences that it now takes a recognized place in the repertory of the Choir which Mr. Barnby has so admirably trained, those amateurs who remember its revival at St. James's Hall some years ago, under Sir Charles Hallé's conductorship, could not fail to be struck by the lessened effect it produces when performed in the overgrown Kensington concert-room. For this no blame rests with either conductor or performers. In every respect the performance was excellent; but Berlioz's masterpiece depends so much for its charm upon his admirable orchestration, and the music for the solo voices demands such delicacy of *nuance*, that much must of necessity be lost when the work is performed in a hall where no orchestral playing can properly be heard, and where solo voices lose half their individuality in the immense space they have to fill. With some of Berlioz's works this would not be so much felt as with the *Faust*, and it might be worth Mr. Barnby's consideration whether a performance of either the "Messe des Morts" or the "Te Deum" would not be successful at the Albert Hall. Difficult as both works are, his fine Choir would do ample justice to them, and both were designed by the composer for performance upon a larger scale than the *Faust*. The solos on the 25th ultimo were taken by Mme. Albani, Messrs. Iver McKay and Henschel. Apart from a tendency to over-emphasis—a fault which is excusable at the Albert Hall—Mme. Albani's performance was very fine. Mr. McKay sang well in the less dramatic portions of the work, but was unsatisfactory whenever the music demanded passion. Mr. Henschel is apt to sacrifice everything to declamation. The singer should not forget that the words may be enunciated at the expense of the notes. This is a fault which is very rare in England, where too often the exact contrary is heard, but it is one which frequently mars Mr. Henschel's performances. The chief honours of the evening rested with the chorus and orchestra, both of which did Mr. Barnby infinite credit.

The three concerts given by Señor Sarasate previous to his departure for America—whether all singers and instrumentalists seem nowadays to be bound—attracted immense audiences to St. James's Hall, that on the evening of the 1st especially being one of the largest ever assembled in the building. The programme included only one novelty—namely, an admirably conscientious and musically transcription for violin and orchestra by Saint-Saëns, of the Saraband from Bach's third Suite Anglaise for Clavécin. In addition to this, the Spanish violinist played in familiar fashion Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, Saint-Saëns's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso for violin and orchestra, his own Fantasia on Bizet's *Carmen*, and no less than three encore-pieces. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, played

the overture to Lalo's opera *Le Roi d'Ys*, a grave and dignified work, which, though it suffers from being disconnected from the opera to which it forms the prelude, created a more favourable impression than on its performance at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts last year. The programme also included Liszt's *Poème Symphonique "Hungaria,"* an incoherent, wearisome, and ugly composition, the playing of which did not atone for the woful lack of interest of the music.

Last Saturday's Concert at the Crystal Palace opened with, a novelty in the shape of a new Concert Overture, "Robert Bruce," the first orchestral work of Mr. F. J. Simpson, a composer whose name is new to amateurs. The plan of the overture is much on the lines of Liszt's "Poèmes Symphoniques," and betrays throughout the composer's foreign education. The work is mainly intended to depict, by the ingenious use of various themes, the gloomy and vengeful struggles and final victory of the Scotch hero whose name it bears, "local colour" being imparted by the abundant use of the national song "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Mr. Simpson's strongest point is his use of the orchestra; in this he shows signs of promise; but the work on the whole is patchy in effect, and leaves an impression of cleverness rather than of originality. According to the Programme-book, the young composer has other orchestral works still in manuscript; it remains for him to show in them whether he is merely a clever student or a composer with something original to say. The rest of the programme consisted of well-known works. Herr Hans Wessely gave a manly and vigorous rendering of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, besides playing Wieniawski's hackneyed Polonaise, both of which performances deserve high praise. Schumann's beautiful Symphony in B flat, No. 1, and the Introduction, Apprentices' Dance, and Procession of Meistersingers, from Act III. of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, were played by the orchestra in a manner which left absolutely nothing to be desired. The vocalist was Mrs. Hutchinson, who was heard to great advantage in the setting of Moore's "There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream," from Professor Stanford's *Veiled Prophet*, besides singing a rather uninteresting song of Massenet's.

At the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on the 2nd, the chief attraction was Cherubini's fine Quartet in F, the second of the three posthumous works of the great Florentine master which were first heard in London last season, at Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts. The work was fully discussed upon that occasion, and the performance last Saturday confirmed the high opinion then expressed as to its merits. It fully deserves a permanent place in the repertory of Mr. Chappell's concerts, and every successive hearing will certainly increase the esteem in which it deserves to be held by musicians. Mme. Haas, who was the pianist at the concert, introduced another novelty, in the shape of a brilliant and scholarly Introduction and Fugue in E flat minor, the composition of Herr Alexis Holländer, a Silesian composer, who, though little known in this country, has recently acquired considerable reputation in Germany. The programme also included Beethoven's beautiful Sonata in A for pianoforte and violoncello, which was admirably played by Signor Piatti and Mme. Haas, violin solos by Leclair and Joachim, and songs by Mr. Henschel and Purcell. The vocalist was Mrs. Henschel. At the last Monday Popular Concert Signor Piatti introduced a Largo and Allemande by Attilio Ariosti, a composer of the early eighteenth century, who, though now forgotten, was a notable person in his day. Originally a Dominican monk, he obtained an ecclesiastical dispensation from his vows and devoted himself to music. Many of his operas were successful in Italy and Germany, and he was engaged in London, together with Buononcini and Handel, to supply new works for the Italian Opera in the Haymarket. His lessons for the Viola d'Amore, from which the pieces played last Monday were selected, were amongst his latest compositions. To judge from Signor Piatti's musicianly transcriptions, Ariosti's music cannot have possessed much individuality; it contains nothing to distinguish it from the similar compositions of a host of other contemporary musicians, though it is graceful and pleasant enough to listen to. In response to an encore, Signor Piatti played his own "Ossian's Song." The rest of Monday's programme consisted of such familiar works as Mozart's String Quartet in A major, No. 5, Schubert's Pianoforte Trio in B flat, Op. 99, and Schumann's Romance in F sharp major, Op. 28, No. 2, and Toccata in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte solo. The latter were played, in her usual admirable manner, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann. The vocal numbers included Duets for Contralto and Baritone, by Dvořák and Mr. G. A. Thomas, sung by Miss Lena Little and Herr Max Heinrich. Mr. Thomas's graceful compositions were especially welcome; though slight in character, they are extremely beautiful, and full of a poetic charm which is too rare a gift in these days, when the purely lyrical faculty is becoming more and more scarce amongst composers.

Mr. Kuhe's second concert at the Albert Hall, last Monday, attracted an enormous audience, which filled every corner of the huge building to overflowing. The main attraction was the appearance of Mme. Patti, who, besides singing the Shadow Song from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, the Scena and "Légende de la Fille du Paria," from Delibes' *Lakmé* (the latter part of which she repeated for an encore), and the Scotch ballad "Robin Adair," gave, in response to the prolonged applause with which her performances were greeted, Bishop's "Home, Sweet Home," Hook's

"'Twas within a Mile of Edinboro' Town" and "Comin' thro' the Rye." The rest of the programme was more interesting than is often the case when the famous prima donna appears. Mile. Douilly created a very favourable impression by her singing of the page's song from *Les Huguenots*, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "My dearest heart," and Tosti's "Venetian Song." Mr. Edward Lloyd gave a magnificent performance of the Scena "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's *Reine de Saba*, besides singing Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Come, Margarita, come," and "The Distant Shore"; and Mrs. Henschel won a well-deserved encore for her singing of Handel's charming "Lusinghe più care," from *Alessandro*, besides joining her husband in the Duet from Boieldieu's *Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, "Je vais rester à cette place." Mr. Durward Lely, whose singing has much improved since he left the Savoy Theatre, gave a correct, if somewhat tame, rendering of Handel's "Where'er you walk," and Mr. Henschel declaimed with due emphasis the rather uninteresting Scena from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, "Blick' ich umher." Instrumental performances were given by Herr Johannes Wolf, who played the last two movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and Wieniawski's Fantasia on Russian Airs, and by an efficient orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Wilhelm Ganz.

MONEY MATTERS.

THROUGHOUT the week the short loan market has been easy, while the discount market has been firm, at about 4 per cent., or very slightly under. This is a not unusual circumstance in times like the present, when money, accumulated to meet demands that it is known will shortly arise, is lent out for a brief period, and depresses the rate of interest in the short loan market. The contrast is an indication, not of abundance in the supply of money, but rather that the supply will diminish considerably before long. In the present case it is known that there will almost immediately be a very considerable decline in the supply quite independently of any gold shipments that may take place. And as the matter illustrates the working of our banking law, it may be worth while to call special attention to it.

On the 11th of November—Term Day, as it is called—there are a great number of payments to be made in Scotland, with the result that, in anticipation of them, there is always an expansion of the note circulation. But when the banks issue notes beyond their authorized issue, they have to keep an equivalent amount of gold, and the law requires a sworn return to be made up every four weeks. This year it appears that the week in which the returns are to be made up falls so that the gold has not to be taken from London to Scotland until after Term Day—that is, until the cause of the expansion has actually passed away. The banks, of course, will not incur the risk and expense of conveying gold from London to Scotland and back again until the necessity arises, and, therefore, the withdrawals for Scotland, which usually take place about the beginning of November, are postponed this year until quite the middle of the month. It is estimated that about three-quarters of a million will next week have to be sent from London to Scotland, and, probably, within a week or two later it will all come back. Even if it be maintained that gold ought to be held by the banks for every note they issue, it is surely unnecessary to compel them to carry the metal backwards and forwards in this way. Would it not be simpler, and quite as safe, to accept a certificate from the Bank of England setting forth that the Scotch banks have deposited with it the amount of gold required to guarantee the convertibility of their notes?

The price of silver has advanced this week to 43½d. per oz., a rise of about 2d. per oz. since May, or not far short of 5 per cent. Besides the Mint, there is another large purchaser in the market. Some say it is the Austrian Government, and some suspect it to be a syndicate of American speculators. Whoever the purchaser may be, whether a Government or a group of great capitalists, the broker acting for him, it, or them, has apparently command of immense sums, for he seems capable of purchasing all the amounts offered to him, however large, and at advancing quotations. It is expected that Congress will, in its coming session, double the amount of silver which must be coined under the provisions of the Bland Act; therefore it is thought probable that some of the great American speculators may have combined to buy the metal cheap in the hope of selling it at a handsome profit, by-and-bye, to the American Mint. On the other hand, it is known that the Austrian Government has for some time past been negotiating with the Hungarian Government for the resumption of specie payments; and it is thought it may have the intention of adopting the single silver standard. Therefore, in the opinion of many, it is the Austrian Government which is buying. It seems hardly probable, however, that Austria-Hungary will adopt the single silver standard; for financially and commercially Austria and Hungary are so closely connected with Germany that it would be exceedingly disadvantageous to them to adopt a monetary system unlike the German.

The pause in Stock Exchange speculation has continued

this week. The course of the money market for the remainder of the year is uncertain. The speculation, in industrial securities more particularly, all over Germany is very wild; and, though the monthly *Liquidation* has been got over safely, the difficulties remain. In Paris those who suffered from the failure of the Panama Canal Company and the Copper Crash are still selling, while banks and syndicates in Paris, as well as in Berlin, hold immense quantities of Argentine securities which the public will not buy from them. The banking and building crisis in Italy still continues. And the state of affairs in the Argentine Republic becomes more threatening every day. The premium on gold is nearly 120 per cent. Indeed, private telegrams say that it is considerably higher. And it is evident that all the efforts of the Government to restore confidence have failed. The Government at the same time is putting a bold face upon matters. It refused the conditions required by the London and Paris bankers who had agreed to lend it eight millions sterling, alleging that it has money enough for all its requirements. And it has ordered the sale of 216,000 square miles of land at a minimum price of two gold dollars per hectare. This is an area considerably larger than all France, and somewhat larger even than the whole Empire of Germany. If the price is realized it will give the Government about 24 millions sterling. But then there are conditions for colonizing the land with certain nationalities, one-third English, one-third Italian, one-sixth Spanish, and the remainder French and Belgian, which are hardly likely to be complied with. Meanwhile, in spite of all these and other adverse circumstances, the general impression is that the new year will witness even a bolder and larger speculation than was seen this year. One other circumstance to be noted is that the speculation in South African land and mining shares of all kinds has practically come to an end, for the time being at all events. Buying has almost ceased, and few jobbers are willing to buy even a hundred shares.

There are rumours that the French Government is preparing a great funding and conversion operation. The unfunded debt of France is of enormous magnitude—over 150 millions sterling, if the Six Year and other bonds are included. It is said that the larger part of this debt is about to be funded, and that, to a large extent at all events, the interest will be provided by offering such terms to the holders of the Four and a Half per Cents as will induce them to convert. When the Five per Cents were converted a promise was given that they would not be converted again for ten years. The conversion, therefore, must be optional; but it is said that such favourable terms will be offered as are sure to be accepted.

It seems now as if the reorganization of the Atchison, Topoka, and Santa Fé Company would be accomplished after all. The Bondholders' Committee have offered to recommend the bondholders to accept, if the interest of the Income Bonds is made accumulative. It will be recollected that the bondholders are asked to accept a part of their principal in Four per Cent. Bonds, which are to be a first charge, and the remaining part, with compensation for the reduction in interest, in Income Bonds bearing 5 per cent. interest, but the interest to be payable only when and to the extent that it is earned. The demand now is that, if not earned in one year, the interest is to go on accumulating, and to be paid whenever earned subsequently.

The activity in the iron market continues, but the price remains little higher than a week ago, being just about 60s. a ton. The coal market, too, is exceedingly active, and the consumption of copper has likewise immensely increased. While the copper corner in Paris lasted, consumption was checked by the excessively high price, and, consequently, stocks accumulated. Since the copper crash the consumption has increased enormously. It is said, too, that the great banks in Paris, which took over the stock that had been accumulated by the Société des Métaux, have been selling on a considerable scale, so that the consumption has really increased more than the published figures represent. While such immense stocks continue in Paris, it is hardly likely that a material rise in price can take place; but business is exceedingly active and the shares of copper-mining Companies are again rising. In every direction evidence is thus being afforded that the trade improvement is steadily growing. Naturally the workpeople all over the country are insisting upon a share of the profits which their employers are making, and very generally an advance in wages is being conceded, in many cases the advance being on very large advances previously made. There is one demand of the workpeople, however, which is likely to lead before long to serious disputes, and that is, for a reduction in the hours of labour.

The Board of Trade Returns for October are highly satisfactory. Compared with October of last year the value of the imports shows an increase of about 9 per cent., and that of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures of about 10 per cent. In the exports the increase is very general. In the imports there is an increase in the quantities of tea, spirits, wine, and tobacco taken for consumption, as might be expected from the improvement in trade and the rise in wages.

MORLIOS AGONISTES.

(A Fragment.)

MORLIOS. CHORUS OF HECKLERS.

CHO. Our bosoms, like pomegranates at the prime,
Swell with the juice of questions. Wilt thou hear?
MOR. Ay, ask and fear not: heckle; fire away.
CHO. What if a man be doubly qualified?
MOR. One man, one vote; ye know the spoken word.
CHO. Three years gone by, what help in Parliament?
MOR. Nay but, lest age corrupt it, let it cease.
CHO. Is it for good that members serve for nought?
MOR. Yet better that they serve ye for a wage.
CHO. Home Rule, a word of many sounds, and dark.
MOR. Too dark to darken this our speech withal.
CHO. Us too it doth befog, leading astray.
MOR. Catch then the hare yourselves have set afoot.
CHO. Take we the land, and with the land the mines?
MOR. Buying or seizing them? Make clear your rede.
CHO. Nay, none but fools will market with a thief.
MOR. Hermes to help! what word hath 'scaped your lips?
CHO. Not ours the word, but Spencer's: blame thou him.
MOR. But, what if Spencer have recalled the word?
CHO. It skills not to recall it: truth prevails.
MOR. Eternal is it: have ye more to say?

CHO.

The little school children,
Whose charge is the State's,
Shall we cease from bewild'ring
Their breakfastless pates?

Will thou vote for their free education and saddle their grub
on the rates?

MOR.

When those cannot pay it
Who should be amerced,
The State must defray it,
If worst comes to worst.

But private endeavour, it may be, should try the experiment
first.

CHO.

Wilt grant to the pauper
Those rights he doth lack,
Rights held by the law per-
tinaciously back?

Wilt abolish the harsh regulation that separates Jill from
her Jack?

MOR.

I would not the "Union"
Affections should kill;
Or forbid the communion
Of old Jack and Jill.

But I won't, if I know it, allow them to multiply paupers
at will.

CHO.

Shall we find thee defying
Conservative fears?
Shall we see thee denying
The "wisdom of years"?

Art thou down on inherited office, and game to extinguish the
Peers?

MOR.

Ye know I would mend them,
Or end them, our Lords;
But do ye intend them
Alone by your words?

Unfold me this thought, lest our purposes cross as the crossing
of swords.

CHO.

Thou seest, thou sayest,
Misjudging us not;
Understand us thou mayest
To go for the lot.

Wilt thou go for the Monarchy, also, and send Crown and
Sceptre to pot?

MOR.

Nay, reckon not those things
Within my design;
For destruction of most things
Though game to combine,

At destroying the Throne, as a statesman, I draw a provisional
line.

REVIEWS.

POPULAR SONGS OF FRANCE.*

THE study of popular songs was comparatively neglected in France till the Commission of 1852. The fruits of that Commission were the collection of six large manuscript volumes, now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is a pity that they are not printed. French Governments are usually liberal in these matters. Meanwhile, many authors—the Comte de Puymaigre, M. Bladé, M. Sébillot, M. Damase Arband, M. E. Rolland, and others—have collected and published the ballads and ditties, of which Gérard de Nerval had already given specimens in *Sylvie*. The Académie des Beaux Arts recently proposed, as a subject for one of its prizes, "Popular Melodies and Songs in France, from the beginning of the sixteenth to the close of the eighteenth century." The relations of the musical accompaniments to Church and to general music were especially to be studied. The prize was gained by M. Julien Tiersot, whose book is now published. About the technicalities of the second part, which deals chiefly with music, we do not propose to speak; it is mainly matter for pure musical criticism. But the earlier division of M. Tiersot's volume is of interest to all students of popular tradition. Unluckily, it did not come within the scope of the essay to discuss the relations between the popular traditional poetry of France and that of other European countries. That subject is nowhere so well illustrated as in Professor Child's *English and Scotch Popular Ballads*, of which the sixth volume is now in the hands of subscribers. M. Tiersot is chiefly interested in French *chansons*. He briefly enumerates the various poetical influences, Greek, Roman, Celtic, Ecclesiastic, and Teutonic, which touched the country in early historical times, and he repeats much that M. Léon Gautier had already cited about references to popular poetry in the Carolingian era. He then reaches the old narrative ballads still extant in France; ballads, as it happens, by no means so numerous, beautiful, and interesting as those of the Scotch Border, of modern Greece, of Denmark, and other lands. He quotes the ballad of "Jean Renaud," well known from M. Rossetti's version, "John of Tours." A fragment of a Scotch variant survives in a Scotch dance rhyme for children, a *ronde*, as it is called in France. Spain, Italy, Sweden, and Norway have also, as M. Tiersot remarks, their variants, and M. Gaston Paris (*Revue Critique*, i. 302) is inclined to believe in a Celtic original. Another widespread song, older than the Odyssey doubtless, is that concerning the husband's return from the wars after long absence. Here, as elsewhere in his book, M. Tiersot seems to look on the "Barzaz Breiz" as more authoritative than most authors consider it. In the Breton version, as given in "Barzaz Breiz," the returned warrior tells his brother, who has ill used his wife, "Were not this the house of my father and mother thy blood should redden my sword." The Poitevin version is much more brutal, and probably more antique. The hero says to his mother:—

Si vous n'étiez ma mère,
Je vous ferais brûler;
Mais comme vous ét' ma mère,
Je va vous étrangler.

Then we have the ballad of "Le Père Sévère," "Le Roy Loys," who imprisons his daughter for a love affair—a very widely-spread ballad. The version in which the girl pretends to be dead, and is revived at her funeral by the lover, is given by Gérard de Nerval, and has a well-known Scotch variant. There are popular versions, too, of "Le Plongeur," the diver who seeks the ring of the princess at the bottom of the sea. Then there is the story of the girl who avenges herself on a fiendish lover, the murderer of many other brides. This is the Scotch "May Colvin," and tradition has localized the incident on the coast of Ayrshire. The supernatural, so very common in Northern ballads, is almost absent, M. Tiersot remarks, from the traditional poetry of France. We have St. Nicholas and his resuscitation of the murdered children, familiar through the form published by Gérard de Nerval; and there is the ghost of a murdered husband, who appears on the bridal night of his faithless wife; but we have no "Clerk Saunders," no "Tamlane." The fairies are conspicuously absent. But we must not forget the story of the risen mother who, in Provence as in Denmark, comes from the tomb to cherish her persecuted children. Acquainted with the Danish version through a translation by M. Xavier de Marmier, M. Tiersot is tempted to think that the piece is of Northern origin.

But the question of the original home of stories in verse, like this, is as obscure as the same question in regard to *Märchen* in prose. The Walloon version, from M. de Puymaigre, differs from many others in the good advice which the dead mother gives to the little ones. They are to behave nicely to their stepmother—

Et, si ell' te demand' qui t'a si bien appris,
C'était ma pauvre mèr' qui est en terr' pourrie.

There is a variant, in which the children return with the mother to the tomb; another in which, when the dogs howl, the step-mother fears a new visit from the dead. In Brittany, by way of exception, the fairies, or korrigan, haunt the ballads, as they haunt the wolds. Other narrative ballads have nothing to do with knights and ladies, but with soldiers and unnamed girls, tales of

seduction, child-murder, "old, unhappy, far-off things." There are also reminiscences, though rare, of historical events; the song of an attack on a British frigate, captured

Par un corsair' de six canons,
Lui qui en avait trent'-six, et bons.

This may be as apocryphal as the chant of the *Mary Jane*:—

'Twas the *Mary Jane*, off the coast of Spain,
In the year of the old French war,
Took the *Belle Héloïse*, did the *Mary Jane*,
The great French seventy-four.
Says the skipper, says he, "Let us turn and flee,
Or we never shall reach the Norme,
For I stand on the poop of a merchant sloop,
While she is a seventy-four."

But the bold second mate cries, "A fig for her weight!"

and so forth, and so forth.

On the whole, popular tradition in France has very few lyric memories of French history. The apparent exceptions are usually false and modern. M. Tiersot recognizes that later investigations of Breton ballads do not bear out M. de la Villemarqué's belief, that the Breton national poetry is full of history. Héloïse, Duguesclin, and other heroines and heroes are no more chanted of in Brittany than in Berry. "En vérité, le type de la chanson historique française c'est *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*." In France, then, we have nothing answering to "Auld Maitland" (if he is not apocryphal), nor to "Kinmont Willie," "The Fire o' Fren-draught," "The Bonny Earl Murray," "The Queen's Maries," and so forth—ballads where history, legend, and *Märchen* mingle in various proportions. But to account for this lack of historical reminiscence in France, as contrasted with Scotland, is a task not attempted by M. Tiersot. We do not speak here, of course, about the ancient lost popular lays which may have been the material used by the author of the *Chanson de Roland*.

On the topic of satirical songs M. Tiersot might have gained something, at the expense of brevity, from a study of a curious topic—satire as a social agent in the early Norse times, and at present among the Eskimo. The satirical song among these blameless Hyperboreans is at once a form of law and an expression of public opinion. To be satirized is the chief and most stringent kind of punishment. In France the popular satire is mainly turned against the *curé*, the old man who marries a young wife, and the jilt. From the *Roman Comique* M. Tiersot quotes:—

Mon père m'a donné mari.
Qu'est-ce que d'un homme si petit ?
Il n'est pas plus grand qu'un fourmi.

This is rather like our nursery rhyme:—

I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint-pot,
And there I bade him drum.

There is a hideous song of married life which contains the essence of a novel by M. Zola; the rhyme is entitled *Mort du Mari*. "The height of realism," M. Tiersot calls this piece, which we do not remember having seen before, though MM. Bujaud, Fleury, and Rolland appear to have published it.

Men pour Jean est bien malade,
Bien malade, Du merci.

Love songs and *pastourelles* are a much more pleasing class of rhymes, and very common. Here, at last, France has her advantage over the North—for the love lyrics of Burns, for example, are not, of course, in this category of anonymous traditional verse. The blossoming apple-trees, the messenger nightingales, the dove that coos "Marry, maidens, marry"—we have none of these. The Scotch peasant does not threaten the moon with his revenge because she sets so slowly and so tardily

Brings him to his marriage morn,
And round again to happy night.

Here is a pretty specimen:—

Au milieu d'une rose
Mon cœur est enchaîné;
N'y a serrurier en France
Qui puisse le déchaîner,
Si ce n'est mon ami Pierre
Qui en a pris la clef.

The well-known song, familiar in Canada, "En revenant des noces," ends this section. M. Tiersot then examines the various provinces of France in order, noting where the *chanson* flourishes most freely, and where it is dying out, as in Picardy, though it is pretty lively still there, for even English visitors have collected several examples. Normandy, according to M. Tiersot, *manque d'idéal*. Dance songs have degenerated with us into the rhymes of little girls "around the Merry May tanz." They are more vivacious in France. The *bourrée* is danced in Auvergne and elsewhere; the *ronde* is common, like "ring-songs, dances, ledes, and rounds," in the old Scotland of Gawain Douglas. Then we have lullabies, very pretty, innocent ditties, and dirges, of which only Corsica offers really poetical specimens, though nothing like our lyke-wake dirge. Drinking songs are not really "popular"; like "John Barleycorn," they are of literary origin, as a rule. So the opera of life ends with the dirge, and M. Tiersot approaches the technical and musical part of his accomplished and valuable work. But this, as Aristotle says, is matter for a different inquiry. It is, perhaps, a pity that he has

* *Histoire de la chanson populaire en France*. Par Julien Tiersot. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: Plon, Nourrit, et Cie. 1889.

said so little about the curious and widely diffused ditties on the numbers from one to twelve, ditties quite as common in England as in France, and of very great antiquity. M. Tiersot's book is even more valuable to the student of the history of music than to ballad collectors, though it is also of service in their pursuits.

NOVELS.*

FEW of our modern novel-writers are as clever in the use of the social microscope (tropically, so to speak) as Mr. F. Anstey. No one can handle it more skilfully, more keenly note the movements of the little being under examination, more sharply detect the motive of each small wriggle, or more humorously describe and classify the creature. This power of insight into human motive is the root of the matter when it is a question of writing a novel or a play. It is not all that is needed, but the possession of it gives an immense advantage. It has enabled Mr. Anstey to write one, at least, of the most amusing of modern books, and others not, perhaps, quite so successful. In *The Pariah*, his latest story, and the one which has probably been written with the greatest care and intention, we are more than ever struck by the sharp intuitive perception and the satirical balancing of judgment which make the author's writing such extremely entertaining reading. There is not a dull page—we might say, not a dull sentence—in it. But, probably because the story is meant to be of much larger scope than any previous work by Mr. Anstey, we are conscious of some deficiency. It wants a larger horizon. After the hours spent among Mr. Anstey's men and women (there are three closely-printed volumes, and no skipping is possible), one wants a blow out of doors and the sight of something big. We shall not spoil the interest of any reader by going into the story briefly, for the plot is in the title. Allen Chadwick is a Pariah, socially and domestically, from the beginning to the end of his sordid, dreary life. He is a sort of low London shopboy, neglected and uneducated until he is twenty-one, when his father returns from India unexpectedly enriched and takes him up. Almost immediately the father is married by a fashionable widow with small means and a family of beautiful, clever, highly-bred daughters. Into this milieu the poor untalented lad enters with amaze and delight, and asks no better than to be endured and allowed to adore. But the Chevenings cannot endure either him or his adoration; they act the cuckoo's part, and finally the bird who had the only real right to the nest is ejected and cast forth to die. This is not only an original story, but it is told in the most striking and original fashion, and with all kinds of amusing side issues. The girls are delightfully drawn, especially the bewitching Margot and the childish Lettice. Nothing that polish and finish, cleverness, humour, wit, and sarcasm can give is left out. What is left out is not so easy to define, but resolves itself finally into something like this—that the general view is that of the pessimist. There is pity for the hopeless Pariah, but there is not sympathy. He sinks into his miserable grave, and we make haste to forget him, as every one else about him did. There is no wider horizon for him than his own dreary existence. We are never made to feel that there is any response, any sympathy, any recognition anywhere, of his devotion. And yet so masterly is the delineation from the author's point of view that we are made to feel the same shrinking from Allen Chadwick that Margot Chevening did, and to admit the impossibility of enduring him. There is a positive atmosphere of sordidness about Allen in the book which makes one unwilling to rub shoulders with him. There is cruelty in it. There is no tenderness, even in the love between Margot and Nugent Orme, though Margot is both brilliant and sweet. Little Lettice is charming; but in time she will grow into another Margot. To feel thus is to treat Mr. Anstey's personages as if they were real, and an author can desire no more. But, as we have said, we are strained in prolonged contact with them and a little wearied by their smallness.

The story of *Randall Trevor*, such as it is—and truly it is not much—is told by Mr. Herbert Earl with a certain antiquated formality not altogether unpleasant. The author moralizes too much—but that may be lightly passed by—and his idea of comic interlude is to give us long speeches by shrewish married ladies, and these can be skipped. His young ladies are the ladies who were young in the years when fainting-fits were fashionable and "glossy" hair was admired and sentiment had not yet been dismissed. "My lord, bestow your title on some one more worthy of it than I am," cries Joan, with flashing eyes, when the *parti* of the county, the excellent Lord Weyland, proposes marriage to her. Lord Weyland had iniquitously offered to help Joan's brother by advancing sixty or seventy thousand pounds to clear the estate of mortgages, and

that was enough for Joan. Randall Trevor, too, the hero, is more romantic than the heroes of to-day. He also desires, for the love of Joan, to help Squire Broadfield out of his difficulties, so he makes his solicitor buy up all the mortgages in an anonymous manner, and the Squire accepts with a light heart the assistance which comes, he informs his family, from "some unknown angel." Such angels are, indeed, unknown in these days of reduced Consols. The story is laid principally in Oxford, and the sketches of University life and of one or two old dons are quite the pleasantest portions, though there is a little pain in finding a Fellow of St. Jude's, in answer to a request for explanation of something he had said, reply, "I expect I meant" so-and-so. The construction of a plot has been the author's greatest difficulty. Beyond a passionate lover, a willing maiden, and an obstinate old father or uncle he seems unable to get; and we have this situation played over several times. The old axiom in which "when in doubt play trumps" seems to have suggested a mode of tactics. When the author gets into a tight place he kills a heroine. It dislocates continuity, and inflicts on the simple reader's attention a blow from which recovery is difficult; but eventually every one gets over it, including the lover, and the end of the second and last volume is gained.

People who write books for the young should be pedantically careful in the verisimilitude of their details. The juvenile eye is sharp to perceive discrepancies, and the juvenile judgment is implacable. We fear that the critic of tender years who finds Mrs. Callaway, in Miss Bramston's pretty story, *A Pair of Cousins*, referring to a relation as "your Uncle John's widow who married again. Dear me, I wonder if it's to say the poor creature's dead?" and discovers on the next page that the poor creature is Mrs. Callaway's own and only sister, further being named Emma and addressed as Maria, will resent it. The experienced have learned indulgence in such matters; but even they may regard the remark "his work was more amateur in execution" as ill-advised, both from the English and French point of view, and may doubt if association with even a very good artist in water-colour could enable any one to acquire the "instincts of a gentleman." These are, after all, trifling blemishes; but it is a pity they should mar so pretty, pathetic, sensible a story as Miss Bramston's. The pair of cousins, Avis Goldenlea and Flower Callaway, are charmingly drawn, and not less excellent in their way are Jack and Nelly Mascarene. Jack's talk as a boy is well and truly done, consistent with his good-humoured, masterful, conceited attitude to his sister. The story, without being didactic, is wholesome and bracing. It will interest young persons, and their elders too.

The Makers of Mulling is the title given to a collection of four short stories, one of which at least seems to have appeared originally in a magazine. The first and the last, which are the most ambitiously conceived, are the least successful. In *The Makers of Mulling*, an attempt to reproduce to some extent the annals of a parish and to chronicle village politics, a canvas has been taken much too large for the artist's powers. "A Vendetta," in venturing on the lines of tragedy, travels out of the reach of the writer's imagination. On the other hand, the two remaining sketches, "Worth While" and "Diamond Cut Diamond," contain delicately touched views of quiet English country homes and sympathetic descriptions of the existences lived out in them. The innocent, protected, uneventful, often dull, but mostly useful, lives, sheltered under innumerable English personages present a small field for melodramatic writers; but, drawn with the simplicity Miss Coleridge has used in this instance, they have their attraction.

In whatever direction the talents of the writer who signs herself Mona may specially point, a perusal of *To Him that Overcometh* would suggest that it is not that of composing novels. So bewildering a coruscation of surreptitious babies, substituted heirs, marriages interrupted at the altar, baronets who are not baronets at all, and baronets who do not know they are baronets, wives who are called Miss, and Misses who have every claim but one to be addressed as matrons, we have seldom met. "Such welcome and unwelcome things at once 'tis hard to reconcile"; and, indeed, before the close of the volume (there is only one volume) it becomes impossible. Before attempting another story of English social life, it may be well for Mona to inform herself of such trifling matters as that estates cannot be at one and the same time entailed and at the free disposal of a testator, and that, under existing arrangements, two sisters cannot be known respectively as Mrs. Claremont and Lady Helen Dorrington, even though the latter has married a baronet.

HISTORIC ODDITIES.*

IN this volume Mr. Baring Gould republishes the first series—we see that another is to follow—of a collection of articles which he has contributed to various monthly magazines. They contain accounts of strange events or queer people for the most part of the last and present centuries. It is almost needless, seeing who wrote them, to say that they are generally bright and amusing, and that they are better worth reprinting than the

* *Historic Oddities and Strange Events*. By S. Baring Gould, M.A. Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. First Series. London: Methuen & Co. 1889.

* *The Pariah*. By F. Anstey. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1889.

Randall Trevor. By Herbert P. Earl. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1889.

A Pair of Cousins. By M. Bramston. London: National Society's Depository. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

The Makers of Mulling. By C. R. Coleridge. London: Smith & Innes. 1889.

To Him that Overcometh. By Mona. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

majority of their class. Of course, a book of this kind becomes grievous if it is treated as a book—if an attempt, that is to say, is made to read it through continuously—but most of its contents will be found pleasant enough if taken in single doses. The first article examines such evidence as we have concerning the fate of Benjamin Bathurst, the English Envoy to the Court of Vienna in 1809, who mysteriously disappeared at Perleberg, a little town of Brandenburg, when on his journey homewards. In England it was generally believed that he was murdered by order of Napoleon, and the *Times* expressed this belief pretty plainly soon after his disappearance. Mr. Baring Gould has been led to the conclusion that, though Napoleon may have directed that he should be robbed of his despatches, it is probable that he was murdered against the Emperor's wish, for the sake of his money. He has gone carefully into all the circumstances of the case, and his paper is especially welcome because the short notice of Bathurst in the *Dictionary of National Biography* is anything but satisfactory. The attempt to make out that Elizabeth Chudleigh, the bigamous Duchess of Kingston, has been "hardly used" by her biographers does not strike us as successful; the subject is a well-worn one, and the treatment of it here is incomplete. No reference, for example, is made to what Frederick the Great says about her having got drunk at a ball at which he was present. Mallet's strange conspiracy—for a moment so strangely successful—against the Imperial Government in France in 1812 is told with much animation, and a later and somewhat heavier article exposes the utter groundlessness of the infamous charge brought against the memory of Louis XVI. of having tried to poison the locksmith Gamain. The adventures of Sophie Apitzsch are amusing reading. Sophie was the daughter of a Saxon armorer, who ran away from her father's house in 1714 to escape a disagreeable marriage, and, after wandering about for some time in man's clothes, was taken for the Crown Prince of Saxony by the owner of an estate about twenty-five miles from Dresden, and was treated accordingly. She received all the honours due to her supposed rank, and was loaded with presents. Her host was envied by his neighbours, who felt much as the Porkenhams did when Mrs. and Miss Nupkins boasted of their intimacy with the engaging Captain Fitz-Marshall. Sophie had a good time, chequered only by the anxiety of her host to get her for a husband for his daughter, until the bubble burst, and she was arrested by the police. The poor girl was whipped, and imprisoned for about two years. The last that is known about her is that on her release she took service with a baker. A story entitled "A Wax-and-Honey-Moon," which Mr. Baring Gould tells us he has embellished, is spun out rather too much, and the fun is decidedly forced. Of his other articles the narrative of the murder of the Countess Goerlitz at Darmstadt, in 1847, is perhaps the most interesting; while one or two more, such as his sketch of the career of the rascally Jew, Joseph Süss Oppenheim, the favourite of Duke Charles Alexander of Würtemberg, are also worth reading.

GRAPHICS.*

SOME twenty-three years have passed since Professor Culmann of Zürich, in his *Graphische Statik*, placed in the hands of engineers a novel process of calculation, the utility and power of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. It enabled problems which had required the elaborate application of algebra and trigonometry to be solved by merely drawing to scale a group of lines, in a manner so simple that the veriest babe or suckling in mathematics could do it, and even understand it. The well-drilled cadets of the Continental engineering schools readily assimilated the new method; but in England, where training in the theory of engineering lagged, and still sadly lags, a long way behind training in the practice of that art, we required to have the method rediscovered for us. It fell to Clerk Maxwell to find out for himself and to develop on lines of his own a portion of the process, though Maxwell's discovery was in some measure anticipated by the independent work of a draughtsman named Taylor. Maxwell's demonstration of the method of reciprocal figures, as he called it, was followed up by Fleming Jenkin, who did good service in translating it into language intelligible to practical men, and in educating engineers to appreciate its value by showing them how it might be applied, with the utmost convenience and completeness, to determine the pulls and thrusts in the several members of a loaded roof or bridge. But the method of reciprocal figures was no more than a part of the science which Culmann founded, and which Cremona, Favaro, Maurice Levy and others have continued to build. English engineers are now fairly well aware of the usefulness of the graphic method, though probably few of them are alive to its scope. They have had before them for some years the excellent work of Mr. J. B. Chalmers on the Graphic Determination of Forces in Engineering Structures, not to mention several elementary manuals, as well as a treatise published in America by Professor Du Bois. It gives some idea of the attention the method has received, especially at the hands of Continental mechanicians, to remark that Du Bois, writing ten years ago, gives a list of some sixty or

seventy books and papers on the subject. The Clarendon Press, we are glad to see, now promises a translation of Cremona's classical work; and we have here the first part of a comprehensively planned treatise by Professor R. H. Smith, in which the whole subject of graphical calculation is, or is to be, considered. The author's scheme is wide, so wide that he thinks it necessary to disclaim, in the first sentence of his preface, the intention of supplanting one's whole engineering library:—"This book will not enable the student of practical mechanics to dispense with the use of other books treating mechanics in the ordinary manner. If it did, it might be entitled 'Engineering Mechanics treated Graphically.'" It almost seems that Professor Smith had contemplated the supersession as possible, and had given up the idea with regret. He begins with "Graph-Arithmetic," showing how methods of linear construction may be used in place of common arithmetic to do sums in multiplication, division, proportion, and so on, and to find powers and roots. He goes on to "Graph-Algebra," and solves simple, and quadratic, and simultaneous equations with ruler and scale, by aid of a number of interesting artifices, some of which, we think, are new. Trigonometry, mensuration, and integration are then dealt with by graphic methods, and the author passes on to the most important part of his work—the treatment of vector quantities. This subject has been so well threshed out by the writers we have named as to leave little room for novelty, save in arrangement. Professor Smith, however, shows a considerable amount of originality, both in style and in subject-matter, especially in his discussion of the kinematics of mechanism. Coming finally to statics, the author treats in succession of the stresses in flat frames composed of struts and ties only, in flat frames containing beams, and in structures the parts of which cannot be taken as lying in one plane. These last chapters are valuable and suggestive, discussing as they do a number of more or less difficult cases which are omitted, or slurred over, in most of the text-books—such, for instance, as the case of loads applied at internal joints. The treatment is philosophical throughout; indeed, one may fairly complain that it is too philosophical. There can be no question of the author's mastery of his subject; but he strains too much after generality. Though the exposition is logical and exact, it lacks interest and simplicity. Any one who has a respectable amount of knowledge of the subject beforehand will find Professor Smith's book profitable, though not perhaps very pleasant reading; but for a beginner we should pronounce it impossible. To our mind, a good part of the earlier chapters is hobby-riding—often curious and clever, but still hobby-riding. No sane man who had occasion to multiply or divide one number by another would do it by drawing and measuring lines, and it adds nothing to the value of a practical text-book to fill it with geometrical gymnastics. The graphic method is a good servant, but it has its own place. To torture it into universal applicability is only to discredit it. The best work is done by using more than one tool; and what an engineer really needs to know in this connexion is how to blend graphic processes with the ordinary methods of arithmetic and algebra, so that he may reach his result by the shortest and plainest way. We should have expected Professor Smith to lay more stress on this than he does, for he evidently knows what practical work is. His first chapter, on the use of drawing instruments, is in its way excellent; so is the treatment of kinematics—though why, by the way, is kinematics classed as a branch of dynamics? The plates, which fill a separate quarto volume, are admirably drawn. They are uniformly clear and correct; the only slip we have noticed is in fig. 83, where the resultant of two oppositely directed parallel forces is placed between the forces. This resultant, as it chanced by a rare exception, was found by calculation, not by graphic construction; so the author may plead that, if he had stuck to his hobby, the slip would not have occurred. Perhaps, too, it would not have occurred if he made a practice of dismounting oftener. Mr. Smith says that, if the present volume meets with a favourable reception, he will go on to publish a second part. We hope sincerely he will; for, though this first instalment is open on some sides to criticism, it contains more than enough of good matter to make one wish to see the work completed.

TRAILL'S STRAFFORD.*

ONE of the greatest, and beyond all question the most unjustly treated, both in his own day and by posterity, of all English statesmen could hardly have been committed to better hands than those of Mr. Traill. Although historical conscientiousness has made Professor Gardiner himself do much justice to Wentworth, and supply others with opportunity to do more, the tradition of injustice to the "wicked Earl" is too strong on the Liberal side to be easily made head against. And even on the other side little attempt has hitherto been made to counteract the calumnies and insults of two great Whig historians. Hallam, in whose veins ink ran instead of blood, and who wished that Shakspeare had not written the Sonnets, could not be expected to understand Strafford. Macaulay, who had no lack of generous impulses, seems to have found himself in such

* *Graphics; or, the Art of Calculation by Drawing Lines, applied especially to Mechanical Engineering. With an Atlas of Diagrams.* By Robert H. Smith, Professor of Engineering, Mason College, Birmingham. Part I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1889.

* *English Men of Action—Strafford.* By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

danger of sympathizing that he found it necessary (according to a well-known law of human nature) to insult. No blacker spot rests on even his memory than the use of the word "whimpering," in reference to the majestic constancy of the victim in that final scene when the lion was pulled down by the curs. On the other hand, Wentworth has been, on the whole, ill backed by his own side. Most of the Royalists of his own day were, it is well known, either afraid or jealous of him, and the great Royalist historian's attitude towards him was anything but friendly. The difficulty of championing his later action without condemning his master has constantly been felt by Tories; as well as, not less constantly, the difficulty of reconciling that later action with his own earlier conduct. And, lastly, it may be admitted by all that neither his characteristics nor his political views are easy to grasp offhand. Some, perhaps the majority, of prominent statesmen are intelligible enough, even if not very many details be obtainable about them; others, and Strafford is one, show but fitfully and indistinctly through a mass of their own and others' utterances.

Mr. Traill is particularly well fitted to deal with this hard case—first, because he is one of the not very numerous writers of the present day who understand what political argument means; secondly, because he is a thoroughgoing Tory; and, thirdly, because his Toryism is not in the least of the sentimental type. He is, if anything, rather hard on Charles (we do not refer to the abandonment of the Minister, as to which it is impossible to be too hard, but to other matters), and he seems to hint pretty plainly that Wentworth's esteem for Laud is a matter of some surprise to him. Here, also, the severity (which is specially unfilial in an alumnus of Coll. Di. Joh. Bap.) might be traversed. But these things are valuable because they clear Mr. Traill from that charge of approving out of fancy what he cannot approve out of reason, which is often brought against Tories of the modern school by those who cannot deny their possession of that reason.

The biographer has not attempted very much personal biography, though he has given a good account of Wentworth's life. The three points on which he has rightly spent almost his whole energies are—first, the problem of Wentworth's sudden "apostasy"; secondly, the question of his government in the North and in Ireland; thirdly, the circumstances of his trial and death. The first is, perhaps, that one on which Mr. Traill has spent most trouble, and on which he is most at variance with the usual authorities of different colours. It is, indeed, the *crux* of the whole subject. What was the real meaning of Wentworth's conduct in heading the Opposition up to the granting of the Petition of Right, and then in less than three weeks taking a peerage and becoming by far the staunchest and most formidable of the King's friends? Mr. Traill divides the possible hypotheses as follows:—

Either Wentworth was a sincere supporter of the claims of the Parliamentary party in the session of 1628, or he was not. Under the affirmative assumption there are three possible theories of his desertion of that party.

- (1) He may have been honestly convinced that his political views were mistaken, or that his political party was becoming dangerous to the State, and have abandoned it and them.
- (2) He may have yielded to the fascinations which Charles was unquestionably able to exercise, especially over a nature like Wentworth's, and have espoused his cause in the chimerical hope of being able to "accommodate the legitimate claims of prerogative with the rightful liberties of the subject."
- (3) He may have been simply bribed by the offer of power to recant a creed in which he still believed, and to become the hired soldier of a cause in the justice of which, at the time of his adopting it, he could have had no faith whatever.

Under the negative assumption that Wentworth was never sincere in his support of the Parliamentary party, we get the theory that

- (4) He may have placed himself at the head of that party in the session of 1628 with the deliberate intent of making himself troublesome to the King and his advisers, and wringing from their fears the preferment which he had failed to obtain from their good-will.

Of these Mr. Traill dismisses the first as the most favourable, but the least plausible; the second and third, especially the third, as inconsistent with Wentworth's character; and practically adopts the fourth, which, as he says, has been least popular. We are with him to a great extent on this point. Nowadays, as all men know, there are none but purely disinterested servants of the State. No one in our time would change a policy for the sake of place or power; would champion (let us say for example merely) Home Rule after denouncing and fighting against it; would adopt a "nasty" attitude towards the Government in order that the Government might be "nice" to him. But in those days men were less straitlaced, and, considering how many of the popular leaders were ready enough to serve the King, there is nothing very wonderful in the reverse process. Besides, though Mr. Traill (perhaps wisely, since the British public is not fond of paradox) does not put forward this rather paradoxical argument, a man less given to casuistry than most men were in the seventeenth century might argue that, if the King were misled by ill advisers, all means not absolutely bad were lawful to himself in order to leaven this ill advice or replace it wholly by good. But (and here we, as we suppose, differ with Mr. Traill) we are disposed to combine No. 1 to a certain extent with No. 4. We think that Wentworth was by no means unlikely to play the old and almost constantly successful game of "If you won't have me for a friend, you shall see what I can do as an enemy." But we think also that the ungrateful and irreconcilable conduct of the Commons (which Mr. Traill fully admits) after the concession of the Petition of Right

may not only have served his conscience as a plausible pretext for fixing the precise time of the transference of his services, but may have seriously and genuinely alarmed him as to the course which his associates were pursuing. Mr. Traill explicitly admits, with a duly contemptuous characterization of those who do not, that the action of the Commons in relation to tonnage and poundage after the granting of the Petition was "disputable alike in justice, policy, and propriety," while the King had "reasonable grounds for being alarmed and natural excuse for being indignant," and that the limitation of the grant "incontestably lies outside the letter and the spirit of the Petition." Now, if this be so, no blame can reasonably be laid, even upon the strongest supporter of that Petition, for refusing to countenance the new departure. We do think that Wentworth's opposition was in great part due to ambition, but we think also that his desisting from it was in no small part due to an honest conviction that the Opposition was going too far.

With respect to Wentworth's conduct both as President of the North and as Lord-Deputy in Ireland there is less room for difference of opinion. The remarkable and manifold administrative ability displayed in it has never been seriously denied. With regard to its alleged highhandedness and arbitrary character, Mr. Traill takes a simple and straightforward line. Without condescending to the *tu quoque*, though the temptation to do so in the case of the Long Parliament must have been strong, he points out that almost all Strafford's acts were acts of "resolute government" merely, while the most disputable of them—the Mountnorris and Loftus cases (we think we should ourselves add that of Foulis, on which Mr. Traill seems, indeed, to look more lightly)—testify at most to a certain irritability of temper. The reckless calumnies of Macaulay as to the Loftus matter he dismisses, of course.

And now remains the question of the prosecution and sentence. We have said that Mr. Traill's disapproval of the King's conduct cannot be quarrelled with or softened. When Charles committed that hideous crime and blunder, he signed at the same time his own death-warrant and the death-warrant of the old Monarchy. And Mr. Traill is equally right in brushing away the preposterous contention that, if Sir Harry Vane's assertion was true, and if the formality of the two witnesses were overlooked, Strafford had technically committed high treason. But to our thinking the most valuable part of his book is the concluding paragraph:—

What the opposite principle of government would have developed into in Strafford's hands or in those of his successors is of course impossible to guess. "He thought," says Radcliffe, who knew him better than he was known to any other human being, that "regal power and popular privileges might well stand together; yet it being hard and difficult to keep the interests of the king and people from encroaching on one another, the longer he lived his experience taught him that it was far safer that the king should increase in power than that the people should gain advantages on the king. That may turn to the prejudice of some particular sufferers; this draws with it the ruin of the whole." The king did not increase but decreased in power, and has done so ever since; the people have gained, and have ever since continued to gain advantages on the king. And undoubtedly the "ruin of the whole" has not followed—at any rate with the speed which Strafford probably anticipated. In the history of nations, however, the lapse of two centuries is but as the flight of a day. The time that has passed since the Revolution of 1688 is short indeed in comparison with the antecedent period during which our own and other European nations had been growing steadily in strength and cohesion under systems which, with whatever admixture of the popular element, were in the main systems of personal rule. Popular government has had as yet but a very brief history; and when we compare the seven generations or so of its existence with the ages which preceded its establishment, we cannot wonder that so many minds are recurring to the examination of abandoned political ideals, and that the once imposing train of believers in the divine right of Democracy is diminishing every day.

The imposing train will not like this; but it is strictly true, and, what is more, it is, we think, the first time that the argument has been succinctly and popularly put. The enormous capital which has been accumulated and bequeathed to popular government by government not popular in the Old World is as striking a fact as is the accidental and, in the nature of things, terminable, if not partly terminated, capital of another kind which has been enjoyed by democracy in the New. Whether in each case the heir will leave off squandering before it is too late *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείται*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVELS ABROAD.*

RECOLLECTIONS of Travels Abroad is a strange galimatias of adventures, theology, wanderings, lectures on the author's pet theories, on Don Quixote, on gambling, on the influence of gold and silver mining, on the rights of the negro, on emigration, Peruvian bark, "blackbirding," the value of the drama, colonial religion in Australia, colonial feeling in America, tattooing—the list is endless, and to transcribe it all would serve no useful purpose. The writer's style as well as his matter reminds us greatly of George Borrow, who, like Mr. Duffield, was a good Spanish scholar; and another point of resemblance between the two is, that Mr. Duffield, on whatever subject he writes, is always readable. Of our own colonies we have heard perhaps quite enough of late; but few men in England know anything whatever about what were once the Spanish colonies in South America, and of

* *Recollections of Travels Abroad*. By A. J. Duffield, Author of a New Translation of the "Don Quixote," "Don Quixote, his Critics and Commentators," &c. London: Remington & Co. 1889.

those few probably no one could describe them as well as Mr. Duffield. Most comic is his description of the sudden collapse of a filibustering company which he found in process of formation in London under the fostering care of a Señor Don Juan Badulaque de Gordaro—whose Spanish, to Mr. Duffield's practised ear, seemed to have a strong New York flavour—with the purpose of seizing the town of Guayaquil, conquering the Republic of Ecuador, and, by skilful manipulation of Ecuadorian stock, making a million sterling in twelve months. As a sample of the writer's personal adventures we cull the following characteristic extract:—

It is good for a man to be tried in a desert. I was once lost in a tropical forest at the foot of the Quindio Mountains, and felt as helpless as a land-creeper up a tree. But no man need be lost in a wilderness of sand if the atmosphere is as sweet and inspiring as I found it. No despair is possible when your very bones are full of the power which is supplied by the Queen of the Air.

The Indians at the hut told me that I should not fail to overtake two men, adding some other word of which I took no notice at the time. I quickly made up to them as they were loitering along.

"Buenas dias, caballeros," I sang out in a cheerful voice as I drew nigh to the two horsemen.

"Buen dia," responded the oldest [sic] of the two, who was of saturnine complexion. There was no expression of human love in his face or voice. I became painfully suspicious that these two men were murderers.

Our talk became as polite as it was reserved. It was nearly all on my side. I could only learn what my fellow-travellers were made of by remarks which compelled them to look at me. I had never seen such ill-looking men.

"Have you any fresh water?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes! we have two bottles of sweet water."

"And have you, perchance, any good things on which to breakfast?"

"No."

They had nothing of the sort, as I knew full well.

"Then, if it will please your worship to join me at breakfast, I shall be happy to entertain you. I have some delicious meat-pies, onions from Lisbon, garlic from Chile, cheese and ham from Estremadura, the finest cognac from France, and the choicest cigars from the Havannah. On these we will refresh ourselves under the first rock we come to that gives any shade."

We reached a great rock, under the tropic of Capricorn, which the reader perhaps knows is very hot, take it when you will.

I spread a white diaper napkin on the sand, and began to make an ostentatious display of rare delicacies. Before inviting them to eat I offered the ruffians a thimbleful of the old French brandy.

They both raised the liquor.

"Well," I said, "I will give you this bottle of old brandy for your two bottles of water."

They jumped at the chance, and the exchange was made.

They drank freely of the smooth, silky, mild liquor, but very soon they fell asleep. . . . and I could have cut their throats as easily as I sliced an onion. I finished breakfast, leaving the ruffians still sleeping, and off I rode, laughing, till I reached Calama, where I learned further particulars of them.

[They were subsequently shot in the market-place for murder and highway robbery, by order of the authorities.]

Mr. Duffield draws a strange, but we must confess to some extent a true, parallel between the Spanish colonies and our own with regard to their treatment of native tribes. We will not weaken his language by paraphrase:—

Some of my readers [he says (p. 141)] have, perhaps, been through the Vale of Daroca, in Castile. It was once famous for its vineyards and its innumerable happy people, who made a garden of it, from which there went up daily songs of joy and gladness. Behold it now, and you shall see a desolation that is precisely the same as that which I am trying to depict as existing at Potosi.

How came it to pass?

The same people who murdered the Indians in Potosi banished the Moors from Daroca, where there are now more empty houses than inhabitants, and more ruins than both put together. The Spanish colonists, in the one case, were consumed with avarice and greed and the lusts which come from selfishness; and the Spaniards of the mother-country, believing that God had forsaken them because trade was slack, and no silver came now from Potosi, thought to appease Him by sweeping their house clean of misbelieving dogs, hoping that He would send them back the good old days of prosperity and plenty. He has never taken the bribe—certainly joy and plenty for Spain seem further off than ever.

Would that I could see no likeness between the avarice and greed, coupled with ferocious cruelty, which once prevailed in Spanish silver colonies, and the avarice, greed, and cruelty to be found in some of our gold colonies! The likeness could not be more perfect if it were taken by the sun.

Given a sordid religion at home, we shall not fail to find a debased morality in the dependencies. As a proof of this, let me call attention to the following announcement which appeared in the London daily papers of March 11th, 1886:—

Letters received yesterday from the Australian station state that H.M.S. *Diamond* recently returned to Sydney after an absence of three months, during which she was busily employed in punishing natives in various parts for murders committed by them on British subjects.

At Normanby, where Captain Miller had been murdered, &c. &c.

We offer no comments of our own on this passage, but will let Mr. Duffield be his own interpreter. In a lecture delivered in the School of Arts at Mackay, the capital of the sugar industry in North Queensland, he said:—

Under the organized interference of Government, islanders have been brought from their homes who never understood the nature of the compact into which they were beguiled.

Under the same organized interference, many thousands of islanders have, by a legal figment, been enthralled in Queensland, after having been illegally beguiled from their homes by the very men whom Government had selected to represent it, and whose duty it was to hinder the doing of these things.

There never was any other reason than the apathy of the Queensland Government for the labour traffic so speedily developing itself, as it did, into a slave trade, except that there is, for sinful man, some diabolical

fascination in man-hunting that exceeds fox-hunting, fishing, or shooting birds as much as real war exceeds a sham fight.

Not given to prophesying smooth things, evidently, is the man who could speak thus to a Queensland audience. Much of what he says also about English emigrants to the colonies is thoroughly worthy of careful consideration; for it is not every man who has seen the emigrant in his new home who has, like Mr. Duffield, the art of finding out what the conditions of life in the old country are which he especially misses and pines after when transplanted, though it is of enormous importance to us, as a nation, that we should learn these wants, and endeavour to the best of our ability to supply them. There is much delightful, and yet instructive, gossip on the emigration problem scattered broadcast throughout the book, especially, of course, in the chapters on Canada, where his chats with his self-made friend, "Job Spring," remind us strongly of Borrow. When speaking of America he points out that, in a very few years, if the rates of increase of the two races remain as at present, the President will be elected by the negro vote!—a result hardly contemplated by the most fervent of the Abolitionists of the last generation, but one to which Mr. Duffield seems able to look forward with complacency. When on the subject of America, by the way, we do not think that he need speak with such contempt of English people who do not exactly know what is meant by a "Mugwump."

We have left ourselves no space even for allusion to most of the best stories in the book; how, for example, at Potosi, Mr. Duffield "experienced the unpleasant sensation of a priest trying to convert me to the worship of the Virgin Mary"; how he voyaged for thirty days with "the typical woman who reads eight hundred new novels every year, who hates Tennyson, despises Browning, can't abide Charles Reade, and thinks Shakspeare to be a profane writer"; or how earthquakes in South American towns affect the softer sex; how he sailed round Cape Horn with a rum-drinking skipper, and how he lectured Don Felipe de Quiñones about Cervantes, while the poor man wanted to hear about manganese and hematite iron-ore; or how he drank in the words of wisdom of Job Spring, his "self-made" Canadian friend—the living example, as he called himself, of "the right thing to be done," about the most profitable of all investments, "human industry guided by knowledge." One more quotation and we have done:—

I think it is very likely that, if all, or nearly all, Scotch women could go to sea for a while, and get away from their fierce and narrow, and sometimes shallow, beliefs and thoughts about the future, it would do them good. As for the Scotch minister . . . it might do him good too. But I do not know. We once had one of these godly men on board a Cunard steamer coming home. He was very sick the first three days; but he was able to preach on the "Sabbath," and he took his text from the Revelations—"There shall be no more sea"! He spoke with great fervour, and looked forward to the time when he would be able to go about the world without passing through the perils and pains of the ocean, with real gratitude to the Giver of all good, and appealed to his hearers to come into a closer union with heaven that they, too, might enjoy a future in which there should be no more sea! The idea produced much sadness in me, because I am never thoroughly happy except when I am at sea. I was, however, much struck with the hardness of the Scotch minister, who proved himself able for anything; while he was thoroughly persuaded that the drying up of the sea was a part of the heavenly blessedness of the future; for had he not been very sick in the Atlantic?

SIR JOHN LOGIN AND DHULEEP SING.*

INDIAN medical officers are not always employed in curing gunshot wounds, inquiring into the origin of cholera, and making a post-mortem examination of the corpse of Shukram, who was killed in a free fight with the harassed and excited villagers of Pasádpur. Some doctors have become learned Orientalists, or have gained real distinction in political and diplomatic employ. Sixty years ago the Master of the Calcutta Mint, also a poet and a Sanskrit scholar, was a doctor. Another, for distinguished service in Persia, was made a G.C.B. In our own time, an excellent account of the countries between the Indus and the Oxus has been written by a Surgeon-Major, who, with the two Lumsdens, was for some months shut up in Candahar in the eventful year 1857. The subject of the bulky volume now before us was born in the Orkneys in 1809, had an early desire to go to sea as his fathers had done before him, then studied medicine, and, through the kindness of Chief Commissioner Adam, eventually became an Assistant-Surgeon in the Presidency of Bengal in the year 1832. Here he certainly did varied and interesting work. He had charge of native regiments, hospitals, jails, and dispensaries at Bolarum in the Nizam's dominions, at Calcutta, at Agra, and at Lucknow. In 1839 he accompanied the mission to Herat, when Major D'Arcy Todd succeeded Eldred Pottinger as envoy. Leaving that outpost when Todd abandoned it, greatly to the indignation of Lord Auckland who was forcible and feeble by turns, he got back to Lucknow and was then posted to the Horse Artillery during the second Sikh war. This career was, no doubt, creditable and useful. But it is scarcely a justification for a work of five hundred and fifty pages. Nor was it in the least necessary to publish every single letter which Dr. Login received from his superiors on leaving one appointment in order to take up another, in which the writers praised him for his kindness

* Sir John Login and Dhuleep Sing. By Lady Login. With an Introduction by Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

to the poor, his establishment of a new dispensary, or his exertions in the time of famine. Every officer, civil, medical, or military, who has done his duty in cantonment, camp, or cutcherry, possesses many such commendatory epistles. A little judicious compression and excision would still have left plenty of room for facts and anecdotes not unworthy of print. At Herat, for instance, Login met Mitford, the author of a *Land March* from Constantinople to Ceylon, and we can well believe that Shah Kamran, the nominal ruler of Herat, was a mere puppet in the hands of Yar Mohammed, who enjoyed a reputation for ferocity, treachery, and falsehood which very few Oriental despots could beat. But who could have informed Lady Login that Pushtoo, the common speech of the Afghans, was "merely a colloquial dialect or corrupt form of Persian"? The best linguistic authorities hold that, while Pushtoo belongs to the Aryan branch of languages, it has a distinct place intermediate between the Indic and the Iranic branches of that great family. It contains a large stock of words derived from Prakrit, and the declensions and conjugations have no analogy with the Persian. It may be added that, though the editor writes about India with the ease and familiarity natural to a lady who has had to manage a large household of native servants, the book is full of errors which are not the less annoying because they are trivial, and often consist in the omission of letters, the misplacement of dates, and the occasional havoc of native grammar and idiom. Incorrect spelling extends even to the name of the private secretary and the title of the State barge of the Governor-General. Dhuleep Sing in one page is said to have been born in 1831, and in another in 1838. The latter is of course the correct date. *Kudrezadah* should be *Kadr-i-ziyadah*. *Essah Khoopsurat* should be *aisi Khub-surat*. The Hindu family guest is *Purohit*, and not *Porohut*. *Naraim* is put for *Narayan*. By "Burnand, who is supposed to have shown great skill and energy before Delhi," General Barnard must be intended. And it is hardly fair to the character of Sir Henry Lawrence to reprint a confidential letter in which he angrily describes the late proprietor of a well-known up-country paper as "that scoundrel at Meerut." In fact, a lady and a widow who assumes the duty of an editor would do well to submit all proofs in such cases to some qualified linguist and candid friend. We should have liked a few more details regarding the wolf-child who evidently had been seen and examined when at Lucknow somewhere about 1847-8. The late Sir William Sleeman, our Resident in Oudh, once wrote a long report about several of these children who had, it was confidently asserted, been carried off by wolves in their infancy, and who were not devoured, but brought up with the cubs and adopted their habits. Sceptics whom Niebuhr had taught to reject the story of Romulus and Remus, have always wanted to know how the children escaped being eaten up on their first arrival at the wolf's den, and by what process of evolution they managed to eat and thrive on raw flesh instead of mother's milk. That some strange beings of this sort covered with hair, running on their hands and feet with callosities at their knees, uttering no human sounds, and much given to scratching and biting, were really seen at Lucknow by credible witnesses, Englishmen and Englishwomen, there is no reason to doubt. Whence they came is another question. They were generally asserted to have been captured by some villager or native *Sowar* (rider) on the edge of the jungle. And they either died in captivity or were said to have escaped to the jungles again.

These and other anecdotes of life at large military stations have, however, little to do with the principal object of this work. Lady Login, while she has no excuse for Dhuleep Sing, who has "made a base return for great kindness," has somehow persuaded herself that there is something to be said on the other side. And Colonel Malleon has written six pages to prove that Dhuleep Sing has suffered great wrongs, and that the English Government or the British public, or both, ought by generous concessions to bring him back to the fold. For Sir John Login's share in the Maharaja's early training and education there is nothing to be said but praise. He was entrusted with the care of the deposed Prince by a Governor-General who knew how to select his subordinates, and how to guide, support, and control them where necessary in the management of delicate and difficult affairs. The Maharaja was soon taught to ride and to shoot; his taste for music was developed; he was carefully removed from all the baneful influences of the zenana; he was brought up with young Englishmen, and yet he had about him his faithful and trustworthy native attendants; he went to the hills in the hot season, like a Viceroy or Lieutenant-Governor; his means were ample; his legitimate fancies were not checked; and he became a Christian on mature reflection and by patient study of the Scriptures, without the slightest attempt on the part of any adviser, lay or clerical, to mislead his judgment and influence his choice. There are, we have said, several letters in this book that we might have been spared. Of the correspondence, familiar and confidential, which passed for more than six years between Lord Dalhousie and Sir John Login we should not wish to lose a word. The guardian of the minor was practical, fair, and judicious in his recommendations. Very few were rejected by the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie thought Dhuleep when he went to England in 1854, too old for a public school, and he did not favour the idea of making him a Talukdar with an estate in the Deyrah Doon. But in all that concerned the young Maharaja's best interests Lord Dalhousie was always the generous protector and the watchful friend, very different from the man who has

been depicted as always hankering for more kingdoms to conquer and more Rajas and Nawabs to depose.

Still, it may be urged that, with all this kind and conciliatory treatment, Dhuleep Sing was ungenerously used. His allowances, it is said, were not in proportion to his rank. His just expectations were not fulfilled. No attention was paid to his repeated requests for a settlement of his claims on the attainment of his majority; and so on. To a plea that, after one invasion of our territories by the Sikhs and two sanguinary campaigns, we were bound to have restored the Punjab intact to the minor, in whose interests we had set up a sort of Regency, it is difficult to answer except by a smile. This argument was fully considered after the crowning battle of Guzerat, and was disposed of by Lord Dalhousie in one of his masterly and exhaustive manifestoes, which is reproduced in this volume. It is too late now to reopen a decision which was accepted as final, just, and politic by the Ministry, the Parliament, the public, and the press. And those who recollect the state of the Khalsa army previous to 1845, the fierce rivalries of claimants, the bloody feuds, the violent deaths of weak or dissolute rulers one after another, may be inclined to think that, if by any freak of policy any successor to Ranjit Sing had been placed on the throne, he would, whether Dhuleep Sing or any other prince, have not occupied more space than is given to those kings of Israel or Judah who reigned three months, and then slept with their fathers. Putting aside this silly claim to the restoration of the Punjab—about as reasonable as a gambler's request to have his stakes returned when the throw had been unfavourable—and a strong hankering after the Koh-i-nur diamond, we have only to consider the simple facts of Dhuleep Sing's position, allowances, and pension. At every annexation of territory, and after the deposition of any Raja, there has always been some difference of opinion on this head. At the close of the first Mahratta war, the ex-Peshwa received a pension of eight lacks of rupees, while a rival got seven and a half. The allowances to the King of Oudh in 1856 were fixed at 12,000*l.* a month, seeing that though a very bad ruler over his subjects, he had never been disloyal to us. For the prospective sovereign of the Punjab no such pleas could be urged, so it was resolved that a sum of not less than four, and not more than five, lacks of rupees should be set aside for the support of the Maharaja and other relatives and connexions who had any claims at all on the Government. Of this sum, 25,000*l.* a year was, after his majority, regularly paid to Dhuleep Sing to spend as he chose. He was also informed that while 15,000*l.* of the above was a personal allowance, the Secretary of State was willing to invest in Indian stocks, in the name of trustees, a sum sufficient to yield a yearly interest of 10,000*l.*, making the total of 25,000*l.*; and this investment, which would not have been less than 200,000*l.*, he was to be at liberty to dispose of by will. In addition to the above provisions, money was advanced out of accumulations during minority for the purchase of landed estates, and we have it on excellent authority that at various times subsequently considerable sums were lent to the Maharaja, when in pecuniary difficulties, of which to this hour neither principal nor interest has ever been repaid. But though about the year 1860 Dhuleep Sing seems to have been ready to accept terms which were sufficiently handsome, and which had been fully considered by the late Lord Halifax when at the India Office, he very soon, like Oliver Twist, began to ask for more. And all the later chapters of this book are filled with groundless grievances about lapses and accumulations owing to the deaths of other pensioners, which the petitioner conceived that he ought to enjoy. There is also a vague mention of private estates belonging to Ranjit Sing which no one has ever been able to discover. Further, we have a claim for compensation for property burnt and destroyed by the Sepoys in 1857. It is sufficient to say that many scores and hundreds of British subjects lost property at that time, for which they have never dreamed of demanding any compensation. But the most full and complete answer to all this querulousness is really furnished by Dhuleep Sing himself. It is shown that up to 1871 he was perfectly contented. To use Colonel Malleon's own language, he was then the happiest man in the world. He had gone back to India in 1861, and did not find things at all to his liking. He calls it, what subalterns have often called it before him—"a beastly place." Then he did not like the natives at all. They "were liars, flatterers, and extremely deceitful." The explanation of all this *ex post facto* discontent and disgust is simply that, when no longer under the guidance of Sir John Login and Colonel Oliphant, he fell into the hands of bad advisers. An officer, now deceased, spent a good deal of time and money in the production of wordy pamphlets in which the policy and character of Lord Dalhousie were spitefully discussed, and the woes of the Maharaja were magnified and paraded. Readers may rest assured that Dhuleep Sing has no cause of complaint against any one but himself. He was never fitted to play the part of a sovereign. He had been sedulously trained to assume the character of an English squire. And had it not been for injudicious advice and his own recklessness and absurdity he might still be drawing his pension, making huge bags of grouse at Grandtully and of partridges at Elvedon, and living a healthy and honoured life, instead of wandering in foreign capitals, and becoming an object of derision and pity to all who remember what sterling advantages he enjoyed, and what kind friends supported and advised him for something like a quarter of a century.

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BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE author of *Supernatural Religion* is determined to have the last word, and, if the Bishop of Durham is willing to allow him that feminine gratification, no one else need grudge it to him. The present volume (it consists almost entirely of reprints) is marked, perhaps—we are not quite sure—by a slight diminution in acerbity of tone. The author, who tells the reader frankly that “he has not the courage of his opinions,” has apparently come to the conclusion that the “Apologist,” and even the “staunch Apologist,” is, after all, more foolish than criminal. But he is still oddly obtuse, and cannot, for the life of him, understand why the Bishop, or anybody else, should be angry merely because Dr. Westcott was accused of dishonesty. Why all this fuss over the morality of an Apologist? Even now he cannot leave poor Dr. Westcott alone, but gibbets his harmless statements in parallel columns, side by side with what he calls “The Truth.” The main feature in the *Reply* is the care with which the author has found it necessary to define his position. “The argument in the first part” of *Supernatural Religion* “is not that miracles are impossible—a thesis which it is quite unnecessary to maintain—but the much simpler one, that miracles are antecedently incredible.” The second part of the work was directed to prove that in any case the evidence for the Christian miracles is insufficient. The author was understood by many readers to hold that the Gospels did not come into existence till late in the second century. This, however, is a mistake. All he maintains is, that there is no distinct trace of their existence before that date. In order to support this proposition, he is obliged to lay down three canons of interpretation—that the mention of a Gospel by name is no proof that the actually existing Gospel of that name is meant—that the literal identity of a quotation with a passage found in one of the existing Gospels is no proof that the quotation is actually taken from that Gospel—and that any variation whatever is a tolerably conclusive proof that it is not. His method is drawn from the *Nisi Prius* Courts. In the case of documents which make such inconvenient demands on belief and conduct, no evidence can be admitted which “would be declared totally insufficient in the case of any common question of property or title before a legal tribunal.” And, lastly, those who remember this ancient controversy will recollect that the author seldom ventured any statement of his own. His argument generally took this shape. “Apologists” say so and so. Baur and others deny. Therefore, the point must be regarded as doubtful at best. For Baur was not paid for his opinion and Apologists are. This position, the author flatters himself, has not been shaken. In this precise form it is not easy to shake. If a gentleman chooses to argue literary questions by forensic methods, it would not be possible to convince him—for instance, that Lord Clarendon wrote the History that goes by his name; and if he thinks it worth while to maintain that what the Tübingen School doubted has been doubted, no one can well controvert him. Nevertheless, any one who reads Dr. Lightfoot’s *Essays* and the *Reply* will see that a good deal of shaking has

been accomplished. It has been shown that the author personally is not competent to speak upon the subject at all, because he cannot translate with accuracy a single page of either Latin or Greek. This is no matter of mere pedantic quibbling, as he would have his readers believe. Unfortunately, the Fathers wrote in Greek or Latin when they did not write in Oriental languages. Unfortunately, also, the author made serious inferences and serious accusations on the strength of passages which he could not understand. In some of these cases he now confesses the errors of his ways, but some of his blunders he still hugs with all the affection of a parent; and one of the very worst, that about the “martyrdom” of Zacharias, still does duty in the *Reply* to prop up a fallacy. It has been shown, again, that the author fell into serious errors upon points of grave importance—the meaning of the Silence of Eusebius, for instance, and the use of St. Luke’s Gospel by Marcion (here let Dr. Sanday have the honour that is his due). Few readers will think that he holds his ground about Ignatius, or Tatian, or Papias, or Polycarp. The brief notice on the last-named Father in the *Reply* is a confession of utter rout. “It might have been expected,” the author says, “that Dr. Lightfoot would have proceeded to show what bearing the Epistle (of Polycarp) has upon the evidence for the existence of the Gospels, and their sufficiency as testimony for the miracles which the Gospels record.” The answer is obvious. Dr. Lightfoot showed that Polycarp, who knew St. John, was about thirty years old when St. John died, and that the teaching of Polycarp was identical with that of Irenæus. And accordingly it becomes incumbent on the author to show where, when, and how “the fervid imagination of the East” managed to give an entirely new turn to Christian doctrine in the period covered by these three great men. How sore the shaking has been we may infer from the author’s repeated protests that all these things are matters of detail; they do not signify at all; they do not affect the contention that, whensoever or by whomsoever the Gospels were written, they cannot prove the truth of a miracle. And so the author falls back upon his second line of defence, which he justly regards as impregnable. For, when he says he cannot believe a miracle, he makes a statement, not about miracles, but about his own mind. If he thinks he cannot believe, who shall prove to him that he can? Only, if a man really thinks this, he had better not trouble his head with early Christian literature at all. For the conclusion to which he will infallibly be driven is that the Church was founded by lunatics, or, as the author puts it, by the “fervid imagination of the East.” And this is a conclusion which requires a good deal of courage.

The relation between Christian dogma and psychology, ethics, and physical science has of late furnished the motive to many excellent books. In England the subject labours under peculiar disadvantages, for our philosophy has almost uniformly refused to look into the phenomena of the religious consciousness. Ethics, in particular, have, as a rule, been handled with very insufficient regard to that life which is undoubtedly the broadest and most striking manifestation of ethics in practice. Science, of course, has gone its own way, and will do so, until the way is found to end in a *cul-de-sac*—a consummation which is perhaps not so far off. Hence the investigator on the borderland between reason and faith has little to help him. No kindly hands have arranged the material, supplied the terminology, and pointed out the way. For these reasons it is premature as yet to look for our modern *Somma Theologie*. A handful or two of striking analogies may be gleaned; but the time for thorough comprehensive synthesis is not yet. Books may be suggestive, even profound, but not methodical. It is from this point of view that the reader must approach Canon Maccoll’s *Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals*. If he has any sympathy at all with the writer and his theme, he will find it an admirable book, full of good thought, set out in a pleasantly rhetorical style. It consists of a set of lectures on the Apostles’ Creed, originally delivered in Ripon Cathedral—aimed, therefore, at a popular audience. Canon Maccoll takes each article separately, and endeavours, not to prove it from Scripture—though this is sometimes incidentally done—but to show exactly what it means, to meet moral and intellectual difficulties, and to bring each point of the Christian faith, as far as may be, into relation with knowledge derived from other sources. Thus he is led to speak of the Existence of God, the Origin of Life, the exact meaning of Evolution, the nature of Miracles, the influence of Creed on Character, the Atonement, the Church and its relations to non-episcopal communions. On all these subjects he has much to say, and says all well. The little book abounds in striking phrases. “Freedom is opposed to force not to mental certainty.” “Darwin’s explanation merely states facts, it does not account for them.” “If the revelations of physical science had preceded those of moral law, what a pandemonium this world would have become.” “Talk of the mysteries of Faith! Why we cannot move a step without stumbling against some mystery of science.” These are pregnant sayings which are developed with great ability. Perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the book is that in which the author treats of the Atonement. It is a great subject, not easy to handle in limited space, and it may be that Canon Maccoll wished on this account to make points rather than to present a complete view. But he seems to us to do something less than justice to the theology of Anselm, Aquinas, and the Reformation. If we understand him rightly, guilt is the subjective sense of guilt, punishment is the result of the violation of self-acting spiritual or moral laws, and aims at reformation pure and simple. But now

* *A Reply to Dr. Lightfoot’s Essays*. By the Author of “*Supernatural Religion*.” London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

Christianity in Relation to Science and Morals: a Course of Lectures delivered in Ripon Cathedral on the Nicene Creed. By Malcolm Maccoll, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Ripon, Rector of St. George’s, City of London. London: Rivingtons. 1889.

The Credentials of the Gospel. Being the Nineteenth Fernley Lecture delivered in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield. By Joseph Agar Beet. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book-Room. 1889.

Robert Brett, of Stoke Newington; his Life and Work. By T. W. Belcher, D.D., D.M., Fellow (sometime Censor) of the Royal College of Physicians, Ireland, and Rector of Frampton Cotterell, Bristol. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The Kings of Israel and Judah. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. London: Nisbet & Co.

Quinti Septimii Florentis Tertulliani Apologeticus adversus Gentes pro Christianis. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by T. H. Bindley, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1889.

Christ at the Door of the Heart; and other Sermons. By Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

The “Beautiful Valley” Series of Sermons to Children. By the Rev. John Bruster, Vicar of Gatley, Cheshire. London: Houlston & Sons. 1889.

Platform and Pulpit Addresses on Temperance Topics. By the Rev. H. E. Legh, M.A., formerly Vicar of Leigh, Surrey, and Organizing Sec. of the C.E.T.S., Winchester Diocese. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Fruzer Prize Essays on Agnosticism from a Moral and Spiritual Point of View. By Veritas Vincit and Beta. Sydney and Melbourne: Robertson & Co.

Agnostic Fallacies. By the Rev. J. Reid Howatt. London: Nisbet & Co. 1889.

The Biblical Illustrator (St. Luke). By Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

To Meet the Day through the Christian Year. By the Author of “*The Recreations of a Country Parson*.” London: Longmans & Co. 1889.

The Lesser Hours of the Sarum Breviary, Translated and Arranged according to the Calendar of the Church of England. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1889.

Wall’s History of Infant Baptism. Vol. II. (“*The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature*.”) London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

Child Thoughts on the Christianity of the Nineteenth Century. Rochdale: James Clegg. 1889.

guilt if purely subjective is an illusion; self-acting laws cannot be dispensed with, and it is no kindness to relieve a man of penalties that are intended for his good. Hence the notions of expiation and satisfaction seem to disappear. Canon Maccoll's "rationale of the innocent suffering for the guilty" could not, therefore, fail to be unsatisfactory, because on these premises no rationale can be made out. This is the more disappointing because the Canon dwells in a very instructive manner upon the Headship of Christ, a doctrine which has seemed to many theologians, from Thomas Aquinas to Dr. Dale, to afford the means, if not of solving, at any rate of understanding, this great paradox of faith. However, if there are those who do not quite think with Canon Maccoll here, there are doubtless those who do. We cannot take leave of his book with any other feeling than that of pleasure; and as the "Fallacy of Demanding Unreasonable Evidence" is once again being thrust upon the much-suffering reader, let us comfort him with these vigorous words:—"Trace to its last analysis the evidence on which repose the sanctities of domestic life, the inheritance of property, the right of our gracious Queen to the throne which she adorns. . . . The whole edifice rests in every case on the unconfirmed veracity of a single woman."

Mr. Beet's *Credentials of the Gospel* is the work of a Wesleyan divine, who is already favourably known by his Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles. It forms the Fernley Lecture for the present year. It is much to be desired that the institution of lectures of this kind (modelled apparently on the Bampton) should spread still further, so that at stated intervals each, at any rate, of the more powerful communities should select its best man, impose upon him some serious intellectual task, and furnish him with adequate means for its completion. The result could hardly fail to be considerable, not so much, perhaps, in actual discovery as in educating the several communities and familiarizing them with the contents and attitude of modern thought. Mr. Beet's task is to prove the credibility of the Gospel, and he fulfils his duty in a series of eight sections or lectures. In the first he states his problem and describes his method. The second sets out the testimony of the human conscience to the truth of the New Testament. The third deals with the witness of nature to the existence of God. The main stress of the argument is laid on the problem of the origin of life, which Professor Huxley admits to be insoluble, though Haeckel thinks it may be explained by spontaneous generation in mid-ocean from two to five miles below the surface. The fourth insists upon the unique power of Christianity in evoking, sustaining, and directing social progress. The fifth asks by what secret Jesus has set this power in motion, and finds the answer in the Atonement and the Resurrection. The sixth is directed to prove the historical truth of the Resurrection. If this be denied, then "a delusion has saved the world." It is curious that Mr. Beet does not, except in this indirect form, insist upon the proof furnished by the existence of the Church and the substitution of Sunday for the Sabbath. The seventh lecture deals with *a priori* objections to the Resurrection, that miracles do not happen, that the progress of the Gospel in extension has been so slow that its origin cannot reasonably be regarded as Divine. The eighth and last is recapitulatory. Upon the whole, the argument on which Mr. Beet relies to prove his thesis is the saving grace of the Gospel, the perfect adaptability of the complex scheme of salvation to the equally complex needs of human nature. What he means by the Gospel is the whole deliverance of Wesleyanism, and what he aims at is to comfort a community of believers with the assurance that their faith is not in vain. Experimental knowledge is the solid foundation, which is supported by history and cannot be undermined by physical science. So regarded the book will be read with pleasure and profit, and will be valued the more highly for being the work of a commentator rather than of a polemic. For, after all, Mr. Beet's great point is the great point. The Church will be judged, like everything else, by results, and, if she can convert the wicked man, Materialism is false.

Dr. Belcher's *Life of Mr. Robert Brett of Stoke Newington* was well worth writing. It exhibits all the fidelity and sympathy that we expect in a monument raised by one devout physician to another. As regards the inner life of his subject, Dr. Belcher has exercised a laudable reticence; but we have here an admirable portrait of Mr. Brett as he was known to his friends and the outside world. It is the picture of a devout English layman of the middle class—we might say of a typical churchwarden—devout, generous, practical, and energetic, with considerable force of speech, and some facility with the pen. His income was always modest, because, like many other medical men, he chose to regard his profession rather as a priesthood than as a trade, yet he managed to get no less than six churches built. He was an uncompromising advocate of a movement that found many antagonists, and his figure was often seen through the dust of battle. But fifteen years have elapsed since he was laid to his rest, and the infamous riots at St George's-in-the-East and St. Matthias can now be judged with calmness. Many even of his old opponents will be thankful for this opportunity of learning what Robert Brett really was, and many a hardworking professional and business man will recognize in him a kindred spirit.

In the new volume of the "Men of the Bible" series Canon Rawlinson narrates the history of the Kings of Israel and Judah, from Rehoboam to the Babylonian captivity. In so small a volume on so large a period a certain aridity of style is inevitable; and, as the Bible order is strictly followed, the reader is

constantly being carried across from the Northern to the Southern Kingdom and back again. It would have been a great gain if Canon Rawlinson could have set the example of a less confusing arrangement. The book is written by a master of the subject, and all the information to be gathered from the Bible, from inscriptions, and from modern research, is here brought together, succinctly, yet fully and clearly. No better handbook could be put into a student's hand.

We have to thank Mr. Bindley for a good edition of one of the most interesting documents of the early Church, the *Apology of Tertullian*. Mr. Bindley has read up his subject thoroughly, and gives the result of his studies in a compact and serviceable form. Language, doctrine, ritual, and archaeology have, each and all, received due attention, and for examination purposes, perhaps, nothing more could be desired. One or two defects might be noticed. Why, for instance, is there no note on *canina tenebra* or *diplomata*? The tables by which divination was practised were not "tripods," but tables which rapped as they do for our modern Spiritualists. And some of the translations are carelessly expressed. For instance, *curius reus gaudet*, "of which the criminal is proud." We trust Mr. Bindley will pursue his investigations, and attain to still more fruitful results. There is the subject of the Vulgar Latin awaiting him (it is surely misleading to speak of Tertullian's peculiarities as "patristic"); there is theological terminology, for "merit," "satisfaction," "free will," perhaps even "person" and "substance," are African. Again, there is the question of the exact legal position of the early Christians. No one sheds so much light on this point as Tertullian, who was himself a lawyer. Was there any special law that condemned the faith in itself? Certainly not in the Twelve Tables. The *nostra elogia*, of which Tertullian speaks, were the charges of murder, incest, sacrilege, high treason, witchcraft, and illegal combination, especially the last. These were quite sufficient for all the purposes of persecution.

"It is a very difficult thing," says Dr. Morgan Dix, "to preach the dogmas of the Church in such a way that the people shall take pleasure in hearing them, but *not* to preach them would be to push away the shaft of the column expecting the capital to stand alone without support." Dr. Dix has certainly solved the difficulty, for his book is very agreeable reading, and the dogmas are there. What he delivers is, to our English notions, rather an oration than a sermon, but the oratory is not too exuberant, and the speaker never loses sight of the real spiritual and intellectual difficulties of his hearers.

Mr. Bruster's *Sermons to Children* are rather long and hardly doctrinal enough, but they are picturesque, simple, and abundant in illustration and anecdote. They strike us as better adapted for the schoolroom or the fireside than the church.

Mr. Legh's Outline Addresses on the subject of Temperance will furnish speakers with material for many effective declamations. Mr. Legh is a little lukewarm on the Dual Basis, and a little hard on those who follow the example of Timothy.

In the "Frazer Prize Essays" Mr. Milne and Mr. Burgess, two Australian clergymen, criticize the bearing of Agnosticism on the moral and spiritual capacities of man with much acuteness and power. Another highly interesting little book on the same theme is *Agnostic Fallacies*, by the Rev. J. R. Howatt.

We have received also a new volume of Mr. Exell's *Biblical Illustrator* on St. Luke; *To Meet the Day* is the quaint and rather misleading title of a series of short meditations, accompanied by appropriate bits of poetry, for each of the red-letter days of the Christian Year, and a few others. It is recommended by the well-known initials A. K. H. B. *The Lesser Hours of the Sacred Breviary*—Prime, Terce, Sext, None, and Compline—in English; *Wall's History of Infant Baptism*, vol. ii., the new issue of the cheap and excellent "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature"; and *Child Thoughts on the Christianity of the Nineteenth Century*.

COURTHOPE'S POPE.*

ALTHOUGH, by its position, this volume is the fifth in the series of ten to which it belongs, as a matter of fact it concludes and completes them. To have published it before the correspondence appeared would have been inexpedient, because during the course of publication large additions have been made to that correspondence, some of which—for example, the new group of letters between Pope and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, printed in the Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts—materially facilitate our right comprehension of the (to use Mr. Courthope's adjectives) more "thorny and intricate" of the Pope problems. It is useful, moreover, to recall to mind that the new volume is not a separate biography, but a biography designed to accompany and supplement Pope's works and letters. In such circumstances, many points which, under different conditions, would require treatment at length, are, of necessity, either wholly omitted or only touched briefly, because they have already been sufficiently discussed in the introductions or notes to the poems to which they more properly belong, while long extracts from letters, defensible enough where the correspondence is not printed at length, become wholly superfluous where that correspondence is at hand, and can be easily

* *The Works of Alexander Pope*. With Introductions and Notes, by Rev. Whitwell Elwin and William John Courthope. Vol. V. *The Life and Index*. With Portrait. London: John Murray. 1889.

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referred to. Mr. Courthope has not neglected these preliminary obligations, and although the votaries of that "lean and flashy" manner which so often passes for lavish local colouring may complain of his style as a little constrained and over-cautious, moderation and accuracy are not popular errors, and there can be no doubt that in this particular instance his conception of his function is a judicious one. Especially, since so much of Pope's personal history is contained in his letters and the notes to them, is he wise in electing to dwell longest upon the purely critical questions connected with Pope's work. Himself a poet and scholar of distinction, and, in addition, a poet and scholar strongly in sympathy with his subject, he is, above all, qualified to appraise Pope's position as a writer. Those parts of his book in which he has addressed himself to this task are the most accomplished and the most instructive of his pages, and his final chapter upon Pope's place in English literature will probably set the critical tune for many years to come. In his estimate of Pope's character he has endeavoured to imitate the excellent example of Johnson—an example which, "dans le siècle où nous sommes," can never be too frequently followed—and to make the study of the writer's work his main business, in preference to moralizing upon his defects as a man. Hence there is but slender discussion of contemporary scandal in Mr. Courthope's book, nor will it bring great gain in this direction either to Pope's admirers or his detractors. As regards the poet's relations with Wycherley, his deplorable finessing is, indeed, enforced by the publication from the originals of Wycherley's ungarbled letters. On the other hand, the new light thrown upon Pope's dealings with Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough tends, in a measure, to clear his character. With these exceptions, that character remains no better or no worse than we are accustomed to believe.

Pope's manipulation of his correspondence with Wycherley is, to say the least, extraordinary, or, to speak more accurately, would seem extraordinary in any other person. As it appeared in 1735, and as it is reprinted in Volume I. of the present edition, its effect is to convey the impression that, in the written intercourse between a precocious boy and a septuagenarian rake, the younger writer, in virtue of his critical sagacity and superior intelligence, at once acquired and continued to maintain an ascendancy over his correspondent:—

He rebukes him for the vein of flattery in which he addresses him; criticism his literary work with relentless frankness, and at the same time bears with patience the petulant outbursts of the vain old man. On the other side Wycherley, who is represented as at first receiving Pope's criticisms with deference and gratitude, gradually grows peevish under his plain speaking, and at last openly exhibits his resentment against the poet by upbraiding him with his failure to redeem the promise of a visit.

This accurately summarizes the state of the case as hitherto repeated in Pope's biographies. Unfortunately, it turns out to be wholly at variance with fact. Wycherley's letters, or most of them, are preserved at Longleat, and Mr. Courthope's careful transcripts, now published for the first time by the kindness of the Marquess of Bath, show that Pope not only suppressed large portions of them, but arranged them with his own in such a way as to produce the effect he desired to suggest. In the original letters now given the position indicated above is reversed. It is invariably Wycherley who deprecates Pope's compliments, not Pope who deprecates Wycherley's. So far from Wycherley resenting the criticisms of "his Dear Little Great Friend," he receives them with composure, and, instead of complaining of the poet's neglect to visit him, adjourns, with endless variations of excuse, his own journey to Binfield. Mr. Elwin appears to have always had a suspicion about these Wycherley letters, and, with the originals before him, would in all probability go as far as his successor, who is clearly inclined to believe that those of the old dramatist's epistles published by Pope in 1735, for which no vouchers are now forthcoming, were simply concoctions by Pope himself. More than one of the suppressed passages of the new Wycherley letters, it may be added, contain references to Captain Steele, of the *Gazette* and *Tatler*.

With respect to the famous character of "Atossa," Mr. Courthope has already, in his Introduction to the Epistle "of the Characters of Women," done much to discredit the notorious story that Pope received 1,000*l.* from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough to suppress it, and he had further given his reasons for believing that, if Pope had published it during his lifetime, he would have declared it to be the character of another person. The story is too long to tell in detail; but, from the new series of letters from Pope to the Duchess which Mr. Courthope now prints, it would appear that, whatever the present her Grace made to Pope, there is no evidence that it was accompanied by any specific conditions as to the suppression of the character, and the fact that Pope had inserted it in the edition of the *Moral Essays*, prepared for press just before his death, goes far to support this hypothesis. Mr. Courthope's further conjecture that, in publishing it at all under the circumstances, Pope intended to give out that it was the portrait of Katharine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who was already dead, is a plausible one, and will probably be accepted as satisfactory by all who are not prejudiced by the poet's intricate mystifications against any suggestion of his occasional good faith.

In his *Life of Addison* in the "Men of Letters" series, Mr. Courthope has already treated at some length the much-debated episode of another character-portrait, that of "Atticus." In the present volume he adheres generally to his previous verdict, and, notwithstanding the story told by Pope to Spence, holds that the lines were never sent to nor seen by Addison. The matter is a

difficult one, and might well baffle even more skilful inquirers than Mr. Courthope. Much of the evidence is based upon Spence's *Anecdotes*, and Spence is no more infallible than most reporters of *ana* and contemporary conversations. Moreover, in many cases he must have related not so much what was true as what his informants desired to have believed. Mr. Courthope is probably right in referring to Tickell's translation of Homer as the determining cause of Pope's animosity, and he is also right in holding that such "open warfare" as that involved by Pope's sending the verses to Addison is not in Pope's manner. But, as it seems to us, he infers too much from the absence of reservation in what he twice calls Addison's liberal praise of the *Iliad* in the *Free-Holder* of the 7th May, 1716. All Addison says is this:—"The illiterate among our Countrymen, may learn to judge from *Dryden's Virgil* of the most perfect Epic Performance: And those parts of *Homer*, which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in *English* with as little Disadvantage to that immortal Poem." Considering that in May 1716 a fair proportion of Pope's *Iliad* had been published, that it had been received enthusiastically, and that his poetical reputation was already high, this is scarcely what, in these days, at all events, would be classed as "liberal praise." Nor, on the other hand, can we quite see why, supposing Addison to have seen the verses, we should look for evidences of reserve. On the contrary, if Pope's view of Addison's character be the right one—and Mr. Courthope admits it to be correct in some, at least, of its characteristics—his natural timidity would surely prompt him to conciliate the man who (as he was aware) had got the terrible character of "Atticus" in his pocket.

It is, however, the disastrous feature of these time-honoured controversies that their seductively insoluble character has a tendency to prompt hypotheses, most of which Mr. Courthope, giving in compressed form the results of long reflection, has doubtless considered and discarded. Happily his book does not depend for its interest exclusively upon the elaborate examination of those minor details which are the stock-in-trade of the biographical "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." It is strongest where strength is most needed—upon its critical side. Mr. Courthope's observations upon the formation of Pope's early style; upon the *Essay on Criticism*, which he has the courage to rate higher than most modern critics; upon the *Rape of the Lock* and its mock-heroic forerunners, in which connexion it may be noted that he says a deserved good word for Boileau's *Lutrin*—fill only a few out of many admirable pages in his work. But the cream of the whole is contained in the concluding chapter, which covers not only the long-echoing contest between classic and romantic—between Johnson and Warton—between Bowles and Byron, and Campbell and Roscoe—but also contrives incidentally to very prettily confute Cowper's absurd dictum about Pope's "mechanic art," and to leave Mr. Matthew Arnold on the horns of an uncomfortable dilemma as regards his decision, in Ward's *English Poets*, that Pope was "a classic of our prose." It is impossible, however, to attempt any serviceable summary of a chain of reasoning which is already sufficiently close-woven. As a tail-piece to our account of this able and most valuable biography, we shall do best to quote verbatim the author's final summary of his argument:—

The net result, then, of the quarrel between the classical and romantic schools seems to be this: that, in so far as the Luke poets and their successors revolted against the excessive restrictions placed upon the imagination by the misapplication of Pope's critical principles, they were in the right; but that, where they sought to overthrow his method of art, they were in error. This is proved alike by the solid and enduring pleasure produced by Pope's poetical works, and by the failure of the romantic poets, when working exclusively on their own principles, to satisfy the requirements of artistic unity. The main principle that governs Pope's poetical method is that poetry consists in the imitation of Nature. The leading rules that may be gathered from his theory and practice seem to be the following. Poetical conception must be natural: in other words, whatever subject is chosen must give scope for representing some general idea of Nature in one of the well-established forms of the art of poetry. Execution must be natural; that is to say, all parts of the poem must conspire to reproduce the idea of Nature as a rational and intelligible whole. Language must be natural, in the sense that it must reflect the ideal nature of the subject in metre, without any appearance of mannerism and affectation. Where these conditions are satisfied the poem, whatever be its particular order, will be a good and legitimate poem, and will exemplify the truth of Coleridge's aphorism: "Finally, good sense is the Body of poetic genius, Fancy its drapery, Motion its life, and Imagination the soul that is everywhere and in each; and forms all into one graceful and intelligent whole."

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE fourth volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* goes from Dionysius to Friction, and contains several articles of very contemporary interest. There is "Evolution," for instance, a thing which all men are expected to know better than by name in these times; and "Exhibition," which has been greatly to the fore all this summer. Professor Geddes gives some thirteen columns of very closely-packed information about the first. It will not be expected that we should do more than notice an article on so big a subject—one in which, moreover, what is matter of knowledge is so apt to melt imperceptibly into what is matter of speculation or

* *Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge*. New edition. Vol. IV. Dionysius to Friction. London and Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1889.

opinion. Mr. H. Roscoe Dumville has simpler materials to deal with, and he supplies his readers with a brief sketch of the exhibitions which preceded the great show of this year. The editors appear to do their work on the *Encyclopædia* with the thoroughness they have shown all along. We notice few omissions, though there are some, and one of them is somewhat surprising in a book published in Edinburgh. There is an article—neither too long nor unduly laudatory to his character as a fighting man—on the naval Earl of Dundonald, but his father is hardly noticed. He receives one line in the article on his son, and it says nothing about him, except that he “beggared himself over chemical discoveries.” Now, although this is true, it is not the whole truth, and an *Encyclopædia* published in his native land should have done him better justice. The quality and tone of the articles are generally business-like and sound. We have raised the eyebrow of amazement at one or two. It is startling to be told that Emmet was only “an ill-fated Irish patriot,” and even to learn that his last speech “still thrills the reader by its noble and pathetic eloquence.” The *Encyclopædia* takes a remarkably tolerant view of the occasion on which the ill-fated patriot arrayed himself (how Irish!) in “a green coat, white breeches, and cocked hat.” It almost sympathizes with his mortification when the noble enterprise he preached in thrilling eloquence, and got himself up regardless to forward, ended (these disappointments will happen in Ireland) “in a few ruffianly murders.” Eloquence, green coats, breeches, cocked hats, and ruffianly murder—the ill-fated Irish patriot has them always with him. As a rule, however, the shorter biographical articles are done in a workmanlike shape, and made up, as they should be, of facts taken from respectable sources stated without comment. The virtuous practice of giving the authorities is not followed as zealously as it might be, and in that respect we hope to see an improvement.

The literary articles are, in several instances, of exceptional merit. Among those which are biographical not the least remarkable is Mr. W. E. Henley's “Dumas.” Mr. Henley writes with a certain go not common in *Encyclopædia* articles, and praises his man in a hearty way. Criticism is mixed up with his facts, but it does not overlay them. Was it necessary to stop in the praise of Dumas in order to deal a backhand at Victor Hugo? We think not; but Mr. Henley is not of that opinion. Another readable article is Mr. P. Hume Brown's “Erasmus.” Mr. Brown treats his man at proper length and with due sympathy. It is, however, a slight misstatement to say that the vice of the Ciceroniani was that they “set style above matter.” Erasmus surely attacked them because they chose pedantically to limit their Latin vocabulary, and so knock the life out of the living Latinity of the time. Mr. Brown may be right, in a way, in saying that Erasmus had the defect of his qualities, but then it must be acknowledged that his qualities had at least one very ugly defect. As an article on a literary subject by far the ablest in the volume is Mr. Saintsbury's “Drama.” We have seldom seen more matter put into less space with greater art. Dr. Holmes discourses pleasantly of Emerson in an article which does not contain more than six insufferably epigrammatic sentences. We live in a universe in which it is idle to complain when we are told that a visit from Carlyle to Emerson, at Concord, would have “been a dangerous experiment in vital chemistry—hydrofluoric acid in a vessel of glass.” How smart! but what does it mean—except that Carlyle would probably have rebelled in an exceedingly self-conscious society of provincial priggery? Then why not say so? Among the many miscellaneous articles in the volume are several of solid merit. Mr. Lucas's “Emigration” is all that could be expected considering the space at his disposal. A considerable part of the volume is devoted to the articles on England—English History (Rev. J. Franck Bright), Church of England (Rev. Dr. R. F. Littledale), English Language (Henry Sweet), English Literature (Professor Henry Morley). Dr. Bright's historical paper gives a sufficiently clear outline of a subject which could not possibly be more than outlined in even much greater space than is allowed, or could be allowed, here. Dr. Littledale's account of the history of the Church of England is somewhat fuller, and may be noted for its insistence on the continuity of the Church from the conversion of Kent. It would be almost foolish to complain of finding in Professor Morley's article what we usually find in his papers on literature, and it must be acknowledged that these familiar features are less conspicuous than we have known them. On the whole, this fourth volume of the *Encyclopædia* rather more than keeps up the character of the book.

WOODLAND, MOOR, AND STREAM.*

THE author of this pleasant volume seems to be of the opinion of Private Mulvaney, in *Soldiers Three*, when he said, “I will name no names, and no more will I name places, for a man is thracked by a place.” He is anonymous, and he is most cautious not to name the haunts that he describes. It is, therefore, only human that we should take an ingenious pleasure in trying to track his steps. He describes himself as brought up, many years ago, in a very wild village in the North Kent Marshes, of the position of which he gives so many indications that we are almost sure that it is Lower Halstow. Certain

* *Woodland, Moor, and Stream; being the Notes of a Naturalist.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

features of the description, we confess, seem to point to a larger village or small town, and in that case it must undoubtedly be Queenborough. In either case it is a solitary place among the salt marshes near the mouth of the Medway, and, before the introduction of railways, about as solitary and as inaccessible a spot, and one as favourable to the education of a naturalist, as could be found in the length and breadth of England. A like mystery hangs over the name of the author of *Woodland, Moor, and Stream*, who writes like an educated man, accustomed to authorship. There is, however, no name on the title-page, and a prefatory note, signed J. A. Owen, states that these sketches “are from the hand of a friend of ours, a skilled workman.” But this may be merely a mystification. Mr. Owen's friend, or Mr. Owen's self, has no need to be ashamed of these graceful and graphic papers.

The Kentish village and its surroundings, as described in the first three chapters, are highly picturesque. Like so many better-known naturalists, the author began life by being “often missed at home,” while he was searching for peewits and curlews in the marsh, or tracking “the red hares flicking the wet off their hind feet as they sat on the mole hillocks,” or plunging into mud in search of the nest of the reed-wren. He made friends with the fishermen and their boys, and very soon rare things would be brought in for his amusement. One day a lad signed to him to follow him to his home, and, opening the door, pointed to something in the corner, with “There, mind he don't nip ye!” “It was a Black-Backed Gull, one of the largest of his kind, quite capable, if I had given him the chance, of wrenching one of my small fingers off,” says the author. He soon learned to use a duck-gun himself, and to go out in winter shooting in the creeks. Of the scenes that this harsh and exciting sport led to in a land at that time positively swarming with bird-life, he gives some excellent pictures, especially of a sudden storm sweeping over the marshes, than which nothing could be more effective.

When he grew to man's estate, our author transferred himself to Surrey, and the remainder of his volume contains careful and picturesque sketches on the moors and by the rivers of that county. An incident of otter-life is thus told in the words of a gamekeeper:—

“You know that gravelly bank, yonder? Well, one flood-tide we was hunting the rats that the water had drove out. It had drove the rabbits too; but it was rats we was hunting. We had got the ferrets and the dogs. The ferrets worked well, and went into all the holes as free as rain, till we come to a couple on the top of that particular bank. We turned 'em down, but they wouldn't work them. All they did was to just poke their noses in and sniff, and then run round the holes uneasy like. The dogs, too, sniffed and scratched about strange like for them, quieter than they was used. We jumped about and poked into the holes, wondering why the ferrets would not go in. The river [Mole] was rushing almost bank-high to where we stood; when all at once something was heard whining like, and somebody said, ‘Look at that!’ It was a sight! For in the river was a fine otter. She had her cub by the nape of the neck, and was swimming across with him. It was hard work, but she tore through that rush of water from the weir in fine style. There was nothing above water but the alder stems on the other side, and she made for them. She was not twenty yards away from us the whole time. Well, when she reached them, she got her cub on to a limb, and left him. He did cry. And then we lost sight of her for a bit. The whine came again, almost close to our feet, and the dogs stood with ears pricked up and one fore-foot lifted, just quivering with excitement. She dashes out from the bank with a second cub. The dogs rush to the water's edge, but they dare not plunge in, plucky as they are; for they knowed they'd be washed down and dashed into the limbs of the fallen trees that lay in and across the river. She got him over all right, and then they three made for the alder copse.”

Not less graphic are the anecdotes of the badger, especially one of a gentleman who put a fine specimen of this creature into an empty hutch, just over the one in which he kept his favourite doe-rabbit and her little ones. Next morning he was horrified to find that the badger had dug a hole in the floor of his hutch, and had descended into the apartments below, where he was found coiled in solitary splendour, and, as our author almost too graphically puts it, “very full of rabbit.” Back goes our naturalist to his native Kentish marshes to describe to us the heron—“Jack-Ern,” as the fishermen call him—and his haunts. A hunt after ring-ouzel in the bushes of black alder then succeeds, and so on to the end we are kept in pleasant rural company by one to whom the life of moors and wastes manifestly retains no more of its secrets than it did to Richard Jefferies. But for the example of that lamented writer, no doubt, such a book as *Woodland, Moor, and Stream* would never have been written. The very manner is often that of Jefferies, and it may not unfairly be said that all have got that seed now, and many can raise the flower. Not many, however, so sincerely, honestly, and cheerfully as the very pleasant companion from whom we are sorry to part at the end of this picturesque little volume.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

ISMAY THORN'S *A Flock of Four and Quite Unexpected* (London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.) should be read together, though the volume which is, in fact, the sequel is so deftly arranged that it can go very well on its own merits. The author's cunning in depicting children as they are—neither too good nor too naughty, too priggish nor too savage—has suffered no change; and the “grown-ups” are, we think, even better drawn than is usual with this bright and engaging writer. The

meeting between the Captain and his son at the railway-station has real dramatic force. It is only to be regretted that Ismay should have followed an evil example in depicting the harmless necessary circus-man as a monster of cruelty and greed. It should be added that the illustrations are much to the purpose.

With Lee in Virginia: a Story of the American Civil War, by G. A. Henty (London: Blackie & Son), will be hailed by our boys with the enthusiasm with which they always hail a book by Mr. Henty, knowing the fund of interest and amusement it always gives them. *With Lee in Virginia* is no exception to this rule. We cannot do better than describe the book in Mr. Henty's own words:—"It was impossible, in the course of a single volume, to give even a sketch of the numerous and complicated operations of the war, and I have, therefore, confined myself to the central point of the great struggle—the attempts of the Northern armies to force their way to Richmond, the capital of Virginia and the heart of the Confederacy. Even in recounting the leading events in these campaigns, I have burdened my story with as few details as possible, it being my object now, as always, to amuse as well as to give instruction in the facts of history." The adventures of Vincent Wingfield, the hero of the book, and his slave Dan add much to its interest and excitement.

Another contribution of Mr. Henty's to the amusement of young people is *Tales of Daring and Danger* (London: Blackie & Son), the first tale, "Bears and Dacoits," being perhaps the most thrilling. Being saved from getting killed by a bear only to get into the hands of Dacoits was certainly a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire." The title of "A Pipe of Mystery" tells its own tale, and "A Brush with the Chinese" is an exciting experience.

A third book by Mr. Henty, *By Pike and Dyke: a Tale of the Rise of the Dutch Republic* (London: Blackie & Son), is again one full of historical facts put forward in the form of a story, with a hero such as boys love to read about, and who, at sixteen, when hearing of the tyranny under which the Dutch were suffering exclaimed, "Were I a Dutchman and living under such a tyranny I would rise and fight to the death rather than see my family martyred. If none other would rise with me, I would take a sword and go out and slay the first Spaniard I met, and again another, until I was killed"; which sentiment he carries through his life, though, instead of being killed, he lives to be knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and marries the daughter of the Countess von Harp. Mr. Henty has certainly surpassed himself in the interesting manner in which he has set forth his tale of the rise of the Dutch Republic.

Captain, by Mme. P. de Nanteuil, translated by Laura Ensor, illustrated by Myrbach (London: Routledge & Sons), is a very pretty story of a dog, who, having been rescued from drowning by a sailor-boy called Yvon Yossie, attaches himself to his rescuer, and is the means, in return, of saving his life and that of his friends on more than one occasion. Captain becomes a necessary part of the crew on board the different ships in which his master serves, and shows not only extraordinary fortitude and courage, but great tact and good sense in his roving life, and learns many tricks. One, described as "authentic," is worth quoting:—"After the inspection, when about a dozen men were drawn up on the deck, Yvon would say to Captain, 'Fetch the caps!' Then Captain would run and take all the men's caps of their heads with his teeth, and carry them, one after the other, to his master, who, tying a thick handkerchief over the dog's eyes, mixed the caps indiscriminately together and put them into a heap. Then he said, 'Now give back to each man his own property!' and Captain, diving haphazard into the heap, would take each cap and place it on the head of the sailor to whom it belonged. Every cap bore the owner's number, and he never made a mistake." His powers of fighting and scattering the enemy are vividly described in the successful attempt his master and a handful of men made to rescue their comrades from "a hundred to a hundred and twenty" Chinamen who had taken them prisoners. "Captain, who had preceded them, threw himself into the midst of the enemy, biting, tearing, knocking them over, and scattering terror into their midst. Evidently they took him for a lion or tiger, the supposed lion soon occasioning such a panic among them that they disbanded and fled, escaping by climbing up the rocks, where they were still exposed to the fire of the revolvers. Those who were not hit disappeared." To any one, young or old, who is a dog-lover *Captain* will prove most attractive. The book has been very well translated by Laura Ensor, who has given us good English instead of French-English, and the illustrations by Myrbach, seventy-six in number, are full of force and life.

Earthquakes, translated from the French of Arnold Boscowitz by C. B. Pitman (London: Routledge & Sons), is a book full of all the horrors of that terrible catastrophe; also containing much instruction on it. It describes, besides seaquakes and deluges, the earthquakes in the island of St. Thomas, in Honduras, in San Salvador, the Lisbon earthquake, that in Calabria, in Ischia, in Andalusia, in the canton of Valais, at Mendoza, in the island of Chio, at Cumana, in the Strait of Sunda, and in New Zealand, with many awful scenes and incidents which, however powerfully they are brought before us, seem impossible to realize in this country.

Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales, for boys and girls, are a collection of J. Fenimore Cooper's most attractive tales in one volume. It contains *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *Leather Stocking*, and *The Trapper*. It would

be futile to attempt any description of these old favourites; let those lucky boys and girls who do not already know them find out their charm for themselves.

In *My Friend Smith: a Story of School and City Life*, by Talbot Baines Reed (London: The Religious Tract Society), we find a book for boys such as only the author of *The Three-Guinea Watch* and *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's* can produce. "My friend Smith" and his friend Batchelor will keep any boy enthralled from the time of the friends meeting at Stonebridge House, a school after Mr. Wackford Squeers's own heart, to the time when the reader has to part with them as prosperously settled in life. The illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are executed with great care and spirit, and are worthy additions to this fascinating story.

The Eagle Cliff: a Tale of the Western Isles, by R. M. Ballantyne (London: Partridge & Co.), contains many adventures of various kinds, beginning with a bicycle accident, going on with the wreck of the little yacht in which our adventurers were making a voyage to the Western Isles of Scotland, then dangerous studies of botany, over which two young people fall in love, fishing excursions, and a deer drive, all filled with stirring events and many accidents, and ending with a fire, in which all distinguish themselves by their powers of endurance and willingness to help in getting it under. The pretty love story, which adds to the romance of the book, comes to the general conclusion, "they were married," and, let us hope, lived happily ever after. There is a funny and really new adventure with that favourite animal of adventurous fiction, the bull, in which "a narrow open drain" and "a large cotton umbrella of the Gamp description," were the prosaic deliverers of the bull's victim, who, "Placing the umbrella in such a position that it came between himself and the bull, laid himself flat down in the drain. The opening was far too narrow to admit his broad shoulders, except when turned sideways. The same treatment was not applicable to other parts of his person, but by dint of squeezing and collapsing, he got down, nestled under the bank, and lay still. On came the bull till it reached the basket, which, with a deft toss, it hurled into the air, and sent the silvery treasure flying. A moment more and it went headforemost into the umbrella. Whether it was surprised at finding its enemy so light and unsubstantial, or at the slipping of one of its feet into the drain, we cannot tell, but the result was that it came down, and turned a complete somersault over the drain, carrying the umbrella along with it in its mad career. When the bull scrambled to its feet again and looked round in some surprise, it found that one of its legs and both its horns were through and entangled with the wrecked articles. It was a fine sight to witness the furious battle that immediately ensued between the black bull and that cotton umbrella! Rage at the man was evidently transmuted into horror at the article. The bull pranced and shook its head, and pawed about in vain efforts to get rid of its tormentor. Shreds of the wreck flapped wildly in its eyes. Spider-like ribs clung to its massive limbs and poked its reeling sides, while the swaying handle kept tapping its cheeks, and ears, and nose, as if taunting the creature with being held and badgered by a thing so flimsy and insignificant." We will leave it to the readers of *Eagle Cliff* to find out how the bull was finally conquered, and how its victim escaped.

The Story of Father Damien, by Frances E. Cooke (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), begins at the very beginning of his life. He was born at Tremeloo, a village in South Brabant, and his name was Joseph De Veuster. "While still very young and full of hope for the years that were to unfold before him, diligent in his work at school, and interested in all that went on around him, there was a deep inner spiritual life within Joseph De Veuster, and a longing to keep clear and bright in his soul the spark of Divine light which his mother's teaching had led him to guard with reverence from his earliest years. . . . The stories of the saints and martyrs of old times, to which he and his brothers and sisters had listened in the evenings while his mother read, influenced him still. What could he do better, he asked himself, than follow their example, and afflict and mortify his body that so his soul might perhaps grow the more in grace?" He was intended by his parents to follow his father's occupation and enter on a commercial life; but his longing to be a priest overcame everything else, and in 1859 he was admitted into the Convent of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary at Louvain as a young brother of the choir, and took the name of "Brother Damien." At the age of twenty-three, by his own urgent request and special appeal, he was sent as missionary to the Hawaiian Islands. From that time, till he died of that fearful disease leprosy, amongst the victims of which he incessantly worked, his life was what as a boy he longed it should be, following the example of saints and martyrs. The account of such a life is one that ought to show our most thoughtless young people the full beauty of self-sacrifice, though one cannot expect many "Father Damiens" to come forward in this world.

The Achievements of Youth, by the Rev. Robert Steel (London: Nelson & Sons), is a collection of short biographies of the early life of our most famous men and women "from various spheres of thought and life, to illustrate what has been accomplished by youths who diligently cultivated their powers and opportunities. Some of them may appear to be prodigies—overgrowths; but the most will be specimens of what others may become." This "series of examples" of the youth of our great men will encourage many a lad and young girl to go and do likewise.

Lost in Africa, by Frederick Horatio Winder (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington), is described accurately as "A Yarn of Adventure." Its hero behaves as a hero ought, gets through all his dangers, and is rewarded as he ought to be at the end of the book.

The Loss of John Humble; what Led to it, and what Came of it, by G. Norway (London: Blackie & Son), is a tale of a poor Swedish boy, John Humble, who, having lost his father, is looked after by his uncle, Rolf Humble, who volunteers to "take him to sea and make a man of him." John, accordingly, goes off with his uncle in his ship, the *Erl King*. The story is vividly told of his capture by Englishmen when he is looking after the boat which has landed his uncle and some seamen at Portsmouth, of his being taken on board the *Hector*, the brutal treatment he receives, the way he was saved and befriended by the captain of a Norwegian vessel, whom John serves faithfully until the captain dies, and at last of his return to Stockholm, and the welcome home he received. The book ends, as it should, with John's marriage.

Scout's Head; or, St. Nectan's Bell: a Tale of the Wild West Coast, by Frederick Langbridge (London: Warne & Co.), is a wild story of a brother and sister who have lost their mother, whose father drinks, and deserts them. How they fend for themselves, make friends, though a desperate villain and enemy does his best to ruin them in every way, and how they come out of all their misfortunes safe, and even gloriously, must be left to the reader to find out.

Sir Aylmer's Heir, a story for the young, by Evelyn Everett Green (London: Nelson & Sons), is a very interesting tale of a little boy whose mother is dead and whose father is a soldier. He is sent to live with an uncle, Sir Aylmer Desborough. When he arrives at his uncle's house he finds no one but the old housekeeper, who is too much perturbed to give him the warm welcome she should. However, the poor, lonely little fellow soon makes friends amongst the servants and the animals in the place, and also "He began to live in a world of his own, peopled by creatures of his own imagination, or by the heroes of the history or fiction he read." About a year after his arrival at his uncle's house his uncle comes home. Sir Aylmer is an eccentric, hard man, and it was not until after Eyton Desborough's father had been killed that he and Eyton made friends. The friendship once begun, it proceeds with rapid strides, and Eyton ends by not only becoming "Sir Aylmer's heir," but the delight and blessing of his life. Too often sad things are dwelt upon in children's books in such a way as only to narrow their sometimes too morbidly inclined minds; but in this prettily told story that danger is avoided.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE almanacs which the end of October annually produces in France are too curious and characteristic a product, and too different from anything which, at least to the same extent, is produced in England, to be passed over. They are all, or nearly all, issued by MM. Plon at the *Dépôt central des Almanachs*, though some of them have additional publishers as well; and, large as is the selection (some score or more) which we have before us, we think we are right in saying that the total is far larger, probably exceeding a hundred, and representing in title, if not in actual contents, almost every trade, occupation, and class of the population. In many of these there is no very particular interest for the English reader, though old experience may find a faint attraction in the discovery that, if the fat and venerable *Triple liégeois* does not now fall to pieces at the first touch, as he used to do, it is because he has run a kind of stay of iron wire through himself, which, indeed, supports his frame, but makes it almost impossible to open him; that Mathieu de la Drôme is as dangerously particular in his prophecies of weather at different times and places as ever; and that the *Almanach astrologique*, under the most horrific of covers, conceals a modest selection of scientific, or quasi-scientific, *faits divers*, which would do fairly for a Standard Reading-book. Some of the minor almanachs are also interesting, though it is rather difficult to be certain how much their contents vary from year to year. The *Bonne Cuisine* has some good old receipts, and is interesting because it retains the habit, now quite disused in English books, of stating the qualities, or supposed qualities, of the preparations as regards health. On the whole, the "Bon cuisinier" cannot be charged with taking too cheerful a view of his subject. This soup is "a delicious cante and the cause of a great number of indigestions; one must use it with reserve"; that "determines flatuities"; another "will only suit robust stomachs." And we should like to give any one ten guesses as to the composition in regard to which, though it is allowed to be "restorative and stimulating," "It goes without saying that one must not give it either to children or to convalescents, or to irritated stomachs, or to sanguine temperaments, or to very nervous persons, or to those who are" never mind what. The ghost of Mr. Woodhouse himself may stare and gasp at being told that this awful preparation, this culinary corpse-reviver, apparently suited only to chalciferous persons or those at the point of death, is a very simple mutton broth with sippets in it. It is only a survival of this kind which shows one how little of a flesh-eating nation the French were till recently.

Among these numerous and ephemeral productions there are a few besides those which we have named possessing a certain

attraction. The *Almanach du savoir vivre* is always amusing and pretty generally sound, one thing which it notes being specially so—that, whereas no one a very few years ago would have thought of passing a lady in the street with a cigar in his mouth, the misbehaviour is now quite common. Nor is it any answer that the lady would probably then have objected to smoke and probably now does not; for the action was a mark of deference to sex generally, not to particular taste. The *Almanach des célébrités* has some useful portraits of persons represented in the obituary of last year, as well as others. The *Lunatique*, the *Prophétique*, the *Comique*, the *Catholique*, the *Scientifique*, the *Almanachs des jeunes mères*, de la *Mère Cicoigne*, des *dames et des demoiselles*, de la *France*, and others, each have their special appeal. But three—the *Almanach du Charivari*, the *Almanach Grévin*, and the *Almanach pour rire*—still, in the work of MM. Grévin, Mars, Draner, and others, retain some of the attraction which has long been possessed by Parisian caricaturists. This year we think the *Almanach pour rire* is the best of the three. The *Almanach des Parisiennes*, otherwise *Grévin*, is as full as ever of exceedingly plump and exceedingly undressed young persons; but the wit does not seem to us to have improved, and there are at least two jokes, with cuts to match, which are offensive in the highest degree—not amusing, not even immoral, but simply nasty and coarse beyond the limit of average scurrility and blackguardism. In the *Charivari* there is more fun, and cleaner fun, without any oppressive virtue. The young women of "Mars" have, as usual, the defect of being too much like fashion-plates, and of a singular want of expression; but they are not unappetizing. MM. Henriot and Draner, if not so pretty, have more "go" in them, and there is also verve in M. Tézier, who has a somewhat more antique style than most of the followers of Mars and Grévin. The *Almanach pour rire* is wholly by two of these artists, MM. Draner and Mars; nor has there ever, perhaps, been a better example of the latter's peculiar style than the first plate, "Départ pour la pêche aux crevettes." "Au bal de l'opéra," by his coadjutor, is, perhaps, the best thing M. Draner has contributed, though the "Fat au bal" is good, and the return of the bold cavalier who has ventured to the refreshment buffet at an official party, and returns in rags, cuffless, blacked as to the eye, his hair dishevelled, and so forth, is an excellent extravaganza in its way.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: her *Life, Letters, and Journals*, edited by Ednah D. Cheney (Sampson Low & Co.), is altogether the kind of biography, reflective and self-illustrative, that is appropriate to the subject. Formal narrative or elaborate criticism would be equally out of place in a book that is mainly autobiographical. The author, through her *Little Women* and the companion stories, has long been known to a multitude of children of all sorts and growths. "Aunt Jo" is, in truth, everybody's Jo, and Mr. Cheney's book offers a renewal of intimacy with an old friend. The editor is to be commended for permitting himself nothing more nor less than the slight comment which the *Journals* and *Letters* of Louisa May Alcott require. "Much as Miss Alcott loved literature," he remarks, "it was not an end in itself to her, but a means." She laboured for the wants of her family, and her heart was wholly bound up in the domestic circle. This view is entirely supported by the evidence of the correspondence and journals. The self-revelation there offered is of the kind that biographers value most. Charming as is the self-portraiture of the stories, even more engaging and touching is the story of the struggles and victories of the brave, sweet-hearted woman as told by herself. Her education, in a circle of "transcendentalists" of whom her father was a prophet, appears to have been somewhat of the forcing kind, though there was plenty of healthy relaxation permitted. The journals, which commence early, are full of piquant entries, and suggest pleasant pictures of the family circle. We have glimpses of the ten-year-old child at the Harvard settlement of "Fruitlands," a miniature Brook Farm of Alcottian disciples, who practised vegetarianism and high thinking. "Pluck your body from the orchard; do not snatch it from the shambles," is a specimen of the "vegetarian wafers" used at Fruitlands. At the age of twelve an Emersonian worship was induced by a copy of Bettine's correspondence with Goethe, picked up while "browsing" in Emerson's library, and this led to sentimental letters addressed, but never delivered, to the Sage of Concord, and floral offerings, and playing the part of Mignon to the "Master," singing in "very bad German" under his window. Her juvenile journal has its shrewd touches of humour. When her father remarked, that while her sister's journal was about other people, "Louisa's is about herself," she makes the quaint admission "That is true, for I don't talk about myself, yet must always think of the willful, moody girl I try to manage, and in my journal I write of her to see how she gets on." One thinks of "Aunt Jo" as nothing if not "practical"; but she had, it seems, her "sentimental period," was stage-struck and wrote dramas of various kinds, and made several essays in literature before she found the path to popularity. She was born, as she said, with "a boy's spirit under her bib and tucker," and there is plenty of "heart" and indomitable spirit in her letters. One delightful example, on the making of a bonnet, will be enjoyed by all men, though some ladies may think the subject too serious for jesting. Mr. Cheney's book is wholesome and enjoyable; a memorial worthy of the subject.

An agreeable sense of companionship is aroused by the Countess Cowper's record of travel, *A Month in Palestine* (John Bumpus). It is brightly written, and shows independent observation. Like the eminent traveller Dr. Shaw, the author studies the topography of the Holy Land in the light of Scriptural records, and her descriptions are well defined, readily realized, and free from needless detail. The maps and photographic plates are fairly illustrative of the voyager's route, though some of the latter are too dusky and too obviously pieced together for panoramic effect to be altogether attractive. There is enough of picturesque feeling in the writer to make pictorial illustration superfluous.

The reprint of *Jane Eyre* (Walter Scott) in the "Camelot Series," one of several recent re-issues of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel, deserves commendation on account of Mr. Clement K. Shorter's sound and discreet "Introduction." Too often are the young gentlemen charged with these cheap and popular reprints delivered of nothing but the loosest and most unpropitious gush. Mr. Shorter's notice of the author is just, well balanced, and sensible. His summary of the too-abundant books and articles on the Brontës is keen and judicial.

A noteworthy addition to the "Chandos Classics" is *Gay's Fables*, with Harvey's designs, edited by W. H. Kearley Wright, F.R.Hist.S. (Warne & Co.), the type and paper excellent, the engravings by Dalziel, after Harvey, capably printed. Mr. Wright, as a Devonshire man of letters, has been naturally assiduous in his researches into the life and works of the Barnstable poet. His *Life of Gay* embraces all that is known of the poet's career, and comprises a full account of such relics as the ingenious and comfortable chair, with its concealed drawer, and the piece of old oak from Barnstable Church with the poet's name cut in it, dated 1695.

Sweet Singers of Wales (Religious Tract Society) is a volume of hymns by Welsh writers, collected and in part translated by Mr. H. Elvet Lewis, who interpolates an interesting selection with biographical notes of the authors. The poetic quality of the whole does not appear to be remarkable, and is far inferior to the works of Charles Wesley or Cowper and Newton. In the vernacular they must be, to judge from their congregational effect, much more moving. Simple, earnest, fervid in tone many of them are; but the poetic graces are neither striking nor numerous.

Nothing more perfect and lucid could be desired than Professor Tidy's science lectures for young people delivered last winter at the London Institution and now published under the title *The Story of a Tinder Box* (S. P. C. K.). The book is admirably illustrated, and the lecturer is a master of the art of exposition. He enables the reader to see and realize the experimental evidence with complete success.

Mr. F. Edward Hulme's *Wayside Sketches* (S.P.C.K.) is well adapted to young persons inclined to the study of nature and natural history. It offers a pleasant and excursive survey of the aspects of the country through the changeful seasons of the year, and is embellished with much poetical quotation and some good woodcuts. To write agreeably and in a light chatty style on such agreeable subjects as flowers, birds, and butterflies, is no arduous task when the audience addressed is young and enthusiastic. Mr. Hulme is a facile writer, and his information is generally accurate, his pictures of nature fairly true and impressive. He is himself guilty, however, of the iteration of dubious or baseless statements with which he charges other naturalists. He says, for instance, that the nightingale rarely arrives in England till well on in May, whereas it almost invariably arrives in April, and is exceptionally late if first detected in the first week of May. Then, again, he repeats the incredible statement that the song of the blackcap is "little inferior" to that of the nightingale, and apparently thinks it possible that a person with an ear could mistake the former for the latter.

The new volume of *Travel, Adventure, and Sport from Blackwood* (Blackwood & Sons) contains, with other good things, the late Sir Richmond Shakespeare's "Journey from Herat to Orenburg," a record of diplomatic enterprise and travel in the year 1840, that thoroughly repays reading at this date.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. we have new editions of *Doctor Claudius* and *Mr. Isaacs*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Scenes and Characters*, by Miss Yonge; *Tom Brown at Oxford*, and *Dean Church's Bacon*, in the series of "English Men of Letters."

We have also received a new edition of Mrs. Walford's *Cousins* (Blackett & Hallam).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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Africa.

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18 House of Commons' Office.	3 Board of Trade.
2 British Museum.	4 Duchy of Lancaster.
10 Secretary's Department of Post Office.	2 Record Office.
2 Local Government Board.	6 Probate Office.
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